The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

We like the Clearfield *Republican* except its unwieldy form. Would not 8 pages be an improvement, neighbor?

Gov. Beaver can find a fit successor for Dr. Higbee's place, in Prof. D. M. Wolf, of our county. Prof. Wolf is one of the best county superintendents in the state.

Famine is prevalent throughout Galicia, owing to short crops and the recent terrifie snow storms. The peasantry are killing their horses for food in order to husband their small stores of grain against a season of greater privation.

The Philad, Press ad. appears in another column. Outside of its politics we think well of the Press, yet we must commend it for its occasional independent criticism of men and acts in its own ranks. As a paper for state and general news it is complete.

Governor Beaver's administration is very unpopular with many on his side of the house. We attributed this feeling to one of jealousy, but Jack Love, the other day, in Philadelphia, is reported to have said that Gen. Hastings is to blame for the whole of it. Suppose Jack be run for Governor, might it not make things Lovely all around?

Why farming does not pay. Because the farmer is robbed right and left. If he has a dollar in his pocketbook somebody will steal half of it before he can turn around. If he has a bushel grain to sell or a steer to market, some body will steal the whole of it before he knows it, and the government permits it. Legislators permit it; Congressmen permit it; Courts permit it. It would be astonishing if farming paid, under present conditions; and commerce and society must be turned upside down and inside out before farming will pay. But there is nobody to do that but farmers themselves. Congress and our State Legislatures must be cleaned out as you would clean a dirty stable. The moneybags and monopolists of the United State Senate give way to representatives of the people's interests, and mind you reader, this is the only road out of your difficulties.

The Knights of Labor are about to open their warfare on the Sugar Trust, and within a month expect to fire on it Since the decision of the New York courts against the legality of the Sugar Trust certain members of the Executive Board have been perfecting the plans of what is nothing more nor less than a general boycott on Sugar Trust sugar. The plan is first to learn what refineries are in the Trust, what their brands are, and what wholesalers buy them. Similar information as to the non-trust refineries is to be secured. Then Knights, assisted by the Farmers' Alliance and other organizations, are to notify their retail grocers as to what sugars are trust sugars and what are not, and to assert their determination to cease buying certain brands and kinds. It is expected that in many states quo warranto proceedings will be begun to revoke the charters of the trust on the ground of their illegality and oppression of the masses. If successful in this matter, other trusts in life's necessaries will be attacked. It is said the Knights hope to popularize themselves very much by this measure.

The reward of $150 offered by the Commissioners for the arrest of the villain who foully and brutally murdered Miss Clara Price, again shows the stuff these officials are made of. This petty offer is a disgrace to the rich county of Centre, and is the crowning act of shame and humiliation to which our people have been subjected by the Commissioners in the past 18 months.

If the story of this $150 reward is true, as it was related to us, then Henderson should follow the example of Judas.

We are told that a detective., in the section where the foul murder was committed, telegraphed to the Commissioners wanting to know what reward they would give for the finding of the murderer, and that Henderson replied $150! and the reason for it is given because the detective was a Democrat! Great God! if this is correct, then we abandon all hope of finding enough of honor and manhood in the Commissioners office to fill the hollow of the point of a needle. Could bigotry, spite and utter disregard of duty in so grave a matter as this, go farther?

We are told the Republicans disown these officials as much as Democrats despise them.

Experiment Station Report.

The publication of the annual report of the Penna. State College Agricultural Experiment Station for 1888 has been unavoidably delayed, and the volume has just appeared.

A prominent feature of the report is the record of experiments upon the soiling system for milch cows, designed to furnish data upon which to base a rational estimate of the relative advantages of pasturage and soiling. Comparative trials were made both in the barn and the laboratory, and the results are recorded in full.

The field experiments with fertilizers, which have been in progress since 1881, are reported upon. We note, among other points, that these experiments seem to favor the use of the cheaper and less soluble phosphates upon soils similar to that of the Stallion farm. These experiments are to be continued through a term of years, on the same plots, upon a uniform plan. A considerable number of varieties of farm crops have been tested, especial attention having been given to corn.

The Horticulturist's report introduces a new feature in the experimental work, and gives an extended account of comparative trials with different varieties of garden vegetables. An experiment in practical forestry has also been begun.

The report contains a description and cuts of the new Station building, and an address by Prof. I. P. Roberts on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the building. A general report on the years's operations precedes the accounts of experiments, and a financial statement shows the disposition made of the funds received from the United States. An appendix contains a detailed report of the daily meteorological observations.

The report will be sent, free of charge, to any citizen of Pennsylvania, so long as the supply lasts, on application to the Director, at State College, Centre Co.

The Farmers Getting There.

The farmers of the West have made several attempt so influence politics and legislation in the direction of their interests by organization, but so far have made little progress. The trust and monopoly tariff combinations on 24 hours' notice can throw a powerful millionaire lobby into Washington; but the farmers who, in addition to meeting the home demand for their products, send abroad 75 per cent of our total exports—thus literally "saving the country" on the balance of trade view—have no such abvantage. They are widely scattered, and united effort is difficult. The only farm lobby we ever hear of at Washington is the big flockmasters owning thousands of sheep in exas and Colorado. They dicker with the trusts on the give and take principle.

An effort has been making to remedy the lack of unity and effort on the part of the farmers of the country, and it culminated last week at St. Louis in the organization of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," into which are merged several Western and Southern organizations, the Knights of Labor, under Mr. Powderly's leadership, co-operating. Negotiations are also pending looking to a federation of all the stricty speaking labor organizations which have almost been brought to a successful termination. This will give the united army of labor a membership as follows:

Farmers	2,250,000
Knights of Labor	250,000
Other organized labor	600,000
Total	3,100,000

This is a vast army, and the figures may be exaggerated, but who can tell? They only represent one-fourth the voters of the country. Their first move will be to secure a foothold in State legislatures and then in congress. "One possible result, politically, of the combination," states one who is foremost in promoting it, "is that the first great impetus which will carry the reform movement to success will come from the conservative, aristocratic South. There is no more significant fact in connection with the movement than that an organization composed almost entirely of Southern farmers has joined hands with an organization consisting almost entirely of Northern mechanics and laborers.

In an interview in the Washington *Post* Senator Ingalls of Kansas said: "I want to see the tariff reduced to a degree that the revenues of the country will only meet the expenses. I wish to see the tax on whisky and tobacco continued, because they are unnecessary luxuries, and because every dollar raised upon them relieves the tax on necessaries of life to that extent." If this is not getting on Grover Cleveland's platform it is certainly getting as far away as possible from the declared policy of the Republican party, Senator Wilson of Iowa also seems to have heard something drop, and in a recent interview says that tariff revision and *reduction* is the most important duty resting on the Republican party.

The State Grange.

The State Grange met at Harrisburg, last week, with a full representation.

Thursday morning was taken up in routine business, including the hearing of reports. That of Secretary Thomas showed an increase of forty-three new granges during the year and an increase of $1,000 income above that of last year. The total membership of the fraternity in the state is about 35,000. Worthy Lecturer Whitehead, of Washington, D. C., was present and made an address. Samuel R. Downing, of Chester, who is a member of the recently appointed commission to revise the road laws, read an able paper on "Roads." A. E. Tewksbury, of Columbia, gave the farmers much practical information in his well prepared paper on "That Farm of Mine." Mrs. Johnson, of Erie county, presented the report of the committee on education. It was an interesting report and among other things declared against compulsory education as opposed to the idea of our free institutions.

A genuine sensation was created when the Committee on Resolutions reported a resolution endorsing Williams Grove as the place for holding the interstate picnic exhibition and expressing confidence in Colonel R. H. Thomas, the manager of the exhibition.

Colonel H. C. Deming, of Harrisburg, who has been watching for the resolution, made a long speech against it. He declared that the number of grangers in the counties surrounding Williams Grove had decreased until there are now very few to be found. The grange that Colonel Thomas belongs to is not in good standing. The exhibition is not an advantage to any member of any grange. It is under bad influences carried on by one man who has a monopoly, and persons who oppose it hear the crack of the monopoly lash. Exhibitors and fakirs pay big sums of money into one man's pockets and the State Grange is represented as sanctioning it. Colonel Thomas, he charged, makes at least $15,000 clear and he gave facts and figures to prove it. The State Grange is asked to endorse this, while farmers are now suffering as they never suffered before. Grossly immoral exhibitions are held on the grounds every year, such as no decent man would countenance.

Liquor is both sold and distributed, and the management not only know it but encourage it. A Harrisburg woman was drugged and robbed on the grounds this year and there was gambling and bacchanalian revelry which the grange is asked to investigate. Colonel Deming concluded by advocating Mount Gretna as the place for holding the grangers' picnic, the affair to be under the management of the State Grange, which would reap the profits.

His speech caused quite a flutter, which was increased when Mr. McSparren, of Lancaster, insisted that the resolution endorsing Williams Grove was not within the province of the grange and should never have been introduced. A number of speeches defending the picnic and its management were made and the State Grange then passed the resolution of endorsement by an overwhelming majority, there being but a few votes in the negative.

At Butte, Montana, a prize fight very properly resulted in the death of the two fighters. A dispute between John Gallagher and G. H. Ward over a trifling debt due the former by Ward resulted in the arranging by some of the friends of both parties of a prize fight to settle the matter. It took place Sunday.

The fight was one of the most stubborn and brutal that has ever been witnessed. Gallagher was so badly hurt that he died of his injuries Monday evening. It took 105 rounds to settle which was the better man, during which Gallagher was knocked down ninety-eight times.

In the forty-eighth round his arm was broken by a blow, but he insisted on fighting and showed an amount of pluck and grit rarely seen in the ring. Notwithstanding his injury he fought with undiminished ferocity.

Ward got in a terrific right hander under Gallagher's chin in the ninety-eighth round, which sent him stunned to the ground, but he partly recovered and in a half dazed state fought seven more rounds. In the 105th and last round he received his quietus. Ward struck him a terrible blow in this round and he went down like a log, and with the exception of a hardly perceptible respiration showed no signs of life.

It took some time to restore him, and he was at once removed to his home. He never fully rallied, however, and his death occured as noted above.

The sneeze is still all the go in Europe and now some are known to sneeze in New York. We actually saw a fellow sneeze as he passed the REPORTER office. What's in the wind? Here we go, too, Ka-cher-cheese-chew.

NEXT.

(Gen: Jas. Milliken kindly clipped and handed the following lines to us, to which we add "next,")

If tongues were all attached to brains,
How thankful we should be!
If "hogs" were barred from railway trains,
How thankful we should be!
If fads and foibles were tabood,
If gum were not by ladies chewed,
If death would kindly steal the dude,
How thankful we should be?
—(Chicago Herald.

If cats would only sleep at night,
How thankful we should be!
If money would not get so tight,
How thankful we should be!
If women would not talk, forsooth,
If ladies' hats were less uncouth,
If weather clerks would tell the truth,
How thankful we should be!
—(Yonkers Statesman

If fishermen would stick to facts,
How thankful we should be!
If men would sit between the acts,
How thankful we should be!
If girls in front their hats would doff,
If folks would stop at home, who cough,
If empty guns would not go off,
How thankful we should be!
—(Boston Courier.

If women would not stop in aisles,
How thankful we should be!
If gossip wern't bred of hate, but smiles,
How thankful we should be!
If lawyers would not charge big fees,
If doctors knew when visits cease,
If editors could all readers please,
How thankful we should be!
—(Centre Reporter.

It is a fact strange as it may seem, that there are rascals in the Democratic party as well as in the Republican, and Silcott the defaulting cashier of Sergeant at-Arms Leedom, is one of them. Mr. Leedom was just preparing to turn his office over to Mr. Holmes, his Republican successor, with everthing in good shape, when this miserable scoundrel decamped with about $75,000 of other people's money. Who will have to bear the loss has not yet been determined, but Mr. Leedom has the sympathy of all parties in the misfortune that has overtaken him just as he was about to close up an honorable official term. Silcott had been his cashier for about six years and had handled in that time over $30,000,000, and great confidence was reposed in him. But wine and women fetched him and when he could no longer conceal his criminality, knowing himself to be a rascal he did not wait, to be "turned out" but turned himself out as rapidly as possible and fled to a safer region. And so we repeat that, curious as it seems, there are rascals in the Democratic as well as in the Republican party.

The bosses of the Republican machine are leaning away from Gen. Hastings, just now, and endeavoring to keep Delamater warm, and prepare him for the Governor's chair. Quay is boss and wants to keep in with the millionaires Delamater is wealthy, and besides is a son-in-law of the great Standard Oil Company, which has wrung millions from the masses as a monopoly and frozen out the smaller oil producers. The Standard leans to Quay, so that it may have his influence in legislation, and Quay leans to Delamater,—so here you have the links that bind the Standard to Quay, and the loafing senatorial fisherman to Delamater, the son-in-law of the Standard.

It is a contest of the bosses and a devouring monopoly against the people—monopoly will win so far as the two Republican contestants for gubernatorial honors is concerned. But the Democracy will step in as a breakwater, and at the polls will give bossism, monopoly and the son-in-law of the monopoly an effectual rebuke.

The Standard Oil company may be able to own, regulate, manipulate, and assimilate, the loafing absentee Senator Quay, and dictate the nominee for Governor, but as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, so sure will the people knock out the unholy thing at the polls

Reward—$150!

The $150 reward, offered by the Commissioners for the arrest of the murderer of the pure and innocent Clara Price is a little over one cent for every taxable in the county—and from it we are to conclude that our population is made up of men who will not give more than a cent to prevent a pure, innocent young girl from being foully murdered in broad daylight! Reader, don't you feel ashamed for our county as well as of the disgrace cast upon yourself by these Commissioners?

We suppose in this case, these worthies will plead economy, for our rich county. Economy, eh, and trotting to Bellefonte every day almost, to grab $3 per day, doing nothing and with nothing to do, as an ex-Republican Commissioner remarked to us, but what could be done by taking half a day once in each month.

The new rapid firing four inch gun for the navy meets with general favor. It will pierce a four inch steel plate at a distance of a thousand yards. This small, easily adjustable gun is best adapted to coast defenses. In case of war with England or Canada such guns could be quickly placed on board of ordinary passenger steamers, and used for defense. The only objection to them—there has as yet been found no way to obviate it in rapid firing guns—is that they becoms so hot in a short time that they must be cooled off, and thus some of the time gained in one way is lost in another.

Actors and Religion.

Some newspaper person who must have been a little hard put to it to fill his space has been interviewing leading actresses and actors on their religion. Although the question is certainly none of the public's business, yet several of the ladies and gentlemen have given polite answers. Some are evidently made up, like an actor's face, to catch the public eye, and you can read plainly between the lines, "Best seats, $2." Others plainly come from an honest heart. The most deeply religious of the lot, apparently, is that hat pious soul, Lily Langtry. She accepts in full the Christian faith as defined in the apostles' creed, and she has a great horror of the woman who has no religion. She would not be so unfeminine for the world. When she is not right sure she is going to succeed, Lily goes down upon her knees and prays the Lord to help her in what she has undertaken. She says she is a Church of England woman, with strong leanings towards the Roman Catholics.

Florence is a Roman Catholic, though he does not say so. He says "to love God and be merry" is the player's religion and his, which is not a bad all round faith. Several of the actors go to church whenever they have time to; but they are nearly always on the road in the season on Sundays. Mrs. D. P. Bowers is a strict Episcopalian. Salvini is a Roman Catholic, and believes actors are a religious lot by nature.

W. H. Crane, who must have made a million people laugh in his time, does not tell us whether he himself is pious or not, though he says actors are more religious as a class than members of the learned professions. But as to church going, Mr. Crane remarks of the actor:

He is accustomed, naturally, to place correct elocution above virtues which other men hold in higher esteem; and the time he spends in listening to a service read in the sing song, halting fashion which, I fear, is the rule rather than the exception, is a period of actual mental torture.

Crane's former partner, Stuart Robson, declares his belief that, if the records of church and theatre were searched, the church would show more instances of faithlessness to duty, cruelty and sensuality than the theatre. Nevertheless, the theatre refrains from abusing the church in public, while the church hurls at its "sister institution" all the mire it can collect.

Fanny Davenport has still, and we are led to infer that it is still as good as brand new, an Episcopal prayer book that her father and mother gave her when she was 8 years old. Fanny is apparently not a church member, but she says:

I believe that charity is a religion in itself, and that God is the best judge of our inmost mind and heart. I believe that God does not always punish the wicked nor reward the good, but that we ourselves do this within our own hearts and minds.

Cotton and Woolen Goods.

Massachusetts has at present over half a million more cotton spindles at work than she had in 1887. Maine has fallen off in both cotton and woolen manufactures. Vermont and Connecticut are making less cotton and more woolen cloth than they did in 1887, and so hold their own. Rhode Island, on the other hand, makes up less woolen and more cotton.

Next to Massachusetts, the state that has made the greatest gain in the textile industry is South Carolina. In 1889 she operates 118,348 more spindles than she did in 1887. Her cotton and woolen weaving has grown 50 per cent. in two years. It has increased 16 per cent. in Mississippi and Tennessee in the same period. The gain of Massachusetts is 10.8 per cent., while that of the whole country is 7.7 per cent. For the textile industry to increase 7.7 per cent. throughout the Union in two years, and one of those years at least not an exceptionally prosperous one, indicates a heavy growth in business and population. American textile fabrics are also gaining rapidly in artistic beauty and durability.

A locomotive engine is soon to be tried that is built on the principle of a bicycle. It is called the bicycle engine, from an immense driving wheel, nine feet in diameter, fixed in the center, just forward of the boiler. Instead of ordinary axles, the truck wheels have bicycle spindles. The large driving wheel of the engine will carry a train along ninety miles an hour, it is claimed. On a solid roadbed, built above or below the streets, this engine would be the proper one for rapid transit in cities. To keep the train from jumping the track an overhead rail is constructed. Wheels attached to the roof of the cars run in a groove in this overhead rail, and the train is thus kept in place.

Gladstone urges British workingmen to study the story of the American revolution. The seeds of American liberty were carried from England in the beginning. Now in return England reaps advantages from the American vindication of the principles of liberty. Meantime it would not be half a bad plan for American workingmen to study the history of their own country and find out the true principles of the foundation of our government.

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FOR

1890.

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Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with The Sun.

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ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County, there will be exposed at public sale on the premises, now occupied by Hofer and Dale, in Centre Hall Borough, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 28th, 1889

at 2 o'clock, the following

REAL ESTATE

of Emanuel Smith, dec'd., bounded and described as follows; On the north by Jacob Richard, on the West by a n alley, on the South by Wm. Smith, and on the East by Turnpike, containing 40 PERCHES. Thereon erected a FINE

TWO-STORY DWELLING HOUSE

Good summer house, wood shed, and cistern, all under roof, also a good large stable, room for four cows and two horses, wagon shed attached, good pig pen, chicken house, and all necessary outbuilding.

TERMS OF SALE:—One third on confirmation of sale. One third in one year, and the balance in two years, all with interest from date of confirmation of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

ISAAC SMITH,
Administrator of Deceased.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—PURSUANT TO an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed at Public Sale, on the premises of John Peters dec'd situated ½ mile north of Potters Mills, in Potter township, Centre county on

SATURDAY JAN. 11th 1890

at 2 o'clock the following

REAL ESTATE

of John Peters, dec'd, two tracts bounded and described as follows: The one thereof bounded on the North by lands of Jonathan Royer and Michael Stiver, on the East by lands of Michael Stiver and turnpike, on the South by lands of heirs of Wm. Allison dec'd., on the west by lands of same. Thereon erected one

TWO STORY DWELLING HOUSE

Good summer house, wood shed, good corncrib, pig pen, smoke house, and other necessary outbuildings. Plenty of good water and choice fruit, containing 6 ACRES and 104 PERCHES.

The other tract thereof situated about ¼ mile South of Centre Hill, and bounded on the North and East by lands of Jerry Schreffler George Stiver and others, on the South and West by turnpike and lands of Wm. Kerr, containing about 1 and ¾ ACRES. There are a number of Good White Pine trees, on said tract and is well located to make a good home.

TERMS OF SALE.—¼ cash on confirmation of sale, and the balance in one year thereafter. Deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

M. L. RISHEL,
Administrator.

ETRAY.—Four head of young cattle came to the premises of the undersinged, near Potters Mills, about Sept. 27. All about 2 years old last spring. One is white, one red with white back and face, one is gray, and one is a small bull with white on back. The owner by proving property and paying costs, can remove same, else they will be disposed of according to law.

GEO. C. GINGERICH,
Potters Mills.

19-6-3t

JOHNSTOWN.

PANIC DURING A THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.

TWELVE PERSONS REPORTED KILLED AND FIFTY INJURED.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Dec. 11.—An alarm of fire was sounded to-night at 10.30. It was in Dr. Wakefield's stable in Kernville.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin Company was playing in the Parks Opera House, and, when the alarm was sounded, the whole audience of 600 people jumped to their feet and made a dash for the stairway, and a fearful jam and crushing was the result.

When the jam occurred a large number of persons, thinking the fire was at the Opera House, tried to get in the theatre, making another jam, and it was necessary for the firemen to turn the hose on the crowd to get them away from the door.

The screams were terrible, and it was shocking to see small children knocked down by big men and trampled upon. This theatre has always been noted as a death trap and was condemned twelve years ago, but the other one was washed away in the flood, and this one has been in use.

The manager tried to quiet the crowd, but no use. One man jumped from the third-story window and was seriously hurt, and many more would have jumped but for a few cool heads. It is reported that the police injured several persons in trying to clear the jam. All the dead were taken to Henderson's Morgue.

All were identified.

Coroner Evans and a jury of six men viewed the remains and came to the decision that the victims came to their death by being crushed and mangled in the Parks Opera House.

A colored man killed was of Chambersburg, Pa., aged 19. Stanaker, of Mt. Pleasant, was aged 20; Lizzie Claycomb, aged 19; Clara Burns, aged 19; also, Mrs. Burns, mother of Clara, aged 40, was killed. Isaac Foler, aged 60; George Horner, aged 11; Mrs. Nestes, aged 25; E. Bigler, aged 8.

The number of injured has now swelled to 50, and 10 of these are seriously hurt. Two or three of the latter will die.

Postmaster Bawner, Policeman Decker, Stearn, Harris and others acted nobly in rescuing the injured. Women and men alike were mad, and there was fighting on Main street while those inside were being killed.

Several persons are missing, all ladies, but, owing to the confusion, their names cannot be ascertained. Had not the hose been turned on at the proper time it is hard to tell what would have been the result.

The house is a small three-story brick building, fronting on Main street, and, like the South Fork reservoir, has always been considered unsafe, and while the new one was in operation it was little used, and had but a small exit from the second-story by a narrow pair of stairs to the street, and had no fire escapes at all.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—James Gilson, aged 23 years, was shot and killed by Mark Cheebo in Rome, New York, on the morning of the 9th; Gilson was somewhat intoxicated and made a disturbance near Cheebo's house. He was ordered away but refused to go. Cheebo then raised a window and fired. Bridget Byrne, aged 70 years, living alone in a little cottage in Cincinnati, was murdered on the evening of the 8th. It was known that she had invested in bonds and kept them in the house. John Smith, who lived in a house in front of Mrs. Byrnes cottage, was arrested as the murderer. Mrs. Byrnes, before dying, said that he was her assailant. Lizzie Jacobs, aged 15 years, living in Chicago, went walking with John Urssell and Paul Stockhart on the evening of the 8th. Her brother John, aged 19 years, ordered her to go home, and a scuffle ensued between the boys. Jacobs was pushed against the fence violently, and had his neck broken.

—Peter Clausen, 34 years of age, an employe of the Northern New York Eleectric Light Company, was killled on the afternoon of the 9th while repairing a wire on top of a pole at the corner of Third avenue and Fifty-sixth street, New York city. Like Feeks, who was killed several weeks ago, Clausen fell across the wires after receiving the fatal shock, and portions of his body were fired by the electric current. After some time the body was taken down.

—The Chicago Limited Express between Cincinnati and Chicago, on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad was wrecked near Frankfort, Indiana, on the 8th. Baggage Master Warren and Mrs. Wulder, a passenger, were injured.

—A despatch from Scottdale, Penna., says that ex-Representative Callaghan has again sworn out warrants charging T. V. Powderly and two local members of the Knights of Labor with conspiring to defeat him at the recent election.

—The United States Grand Jury at Richmond, Va., on the 9th, indicted William L. Jerdon, a clerk in the Manchester Post-office, for stealing and destroying letters, and J. L. Lindley for stealing money from the Money-order office at Belfield.

—A telegram from Prescott, Arizona, says the heaviest rain storm ever known in that section has just ended. The fall for five days was 4.76 inches.

—On the evening of the 8th a large seal was captured on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey, near the wreck of the bark Germania. The seal had been shot and died on the morning of the 9th.

—The remains found in the burned Ames building, in Boston, on the 8th, were on the 9th, identified as those of D. F. Buckley, one of the missing firemen.

—Hog cholera is reported to be raging in several counties of Kansas. In Greenwood county alone, during the last week, "thousands" of hogs are reported to have died.

—Frederick G. Bechtel fired at one of four burglars who had entered his shoe store, in Scotia, New York, on the morning of the 10th. The burglar returned the fire, fatally wounding Bechtel. Everett Thresher, aged 65, and his son-in-law, David Washburn, prominent farmers, got into a quarrel with James Fitzpatrick, while passing his house, near Atwood, Illinois, on the evening of the 9th, and Thresher mounted the fence to attack his adversary. The latter fired four shots, one of which wounded Washbourne in the arm, another killing Thresher. It is said that Thresher attempted to assassinate Fitzpatrick last fall. A faction feud is feared as the result of the killing. Policeman William Davis was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by a burglar on Wabash avenue, Chicago, on the morning of the 10th. Policeman H. C. Thomas was wounded in the arm while trying to arrest the assailants of Davis. Later in the day William Sennot was arrested and identified as one of the shooters.

—An explosion of nitro-glycerine occurred on the morning of the 10th, at the Butler Torpedo Company's magazine, two miles from Butler, Penna. The disaster took place while cans were being put into the wagons at the factory. The greater portion of the factory buildings were demolished, and the rafters of the magazine fell down over the nitro-glycerine stored there, but fortunately that did not explode. James O. Woods and William Medill and their wagon and horses were blown into fragments. It is supposed that Woods let fall a can of the explosive while handing it up to Medill, who was in the wagon. Frank Kalett and John Zozody were crushed to death by the fall of a derrick, in Allegheny City, Penna., on the afternoon of the 10th.

—Thomas L. Savin, bookkeeper for J. E. Dall & Co., dry goods commission merchants, in Baltimore, disappeared on the 3d, and has not been heard of since. J. E. Dall declares that Savin has ruined him; that he has forged checks, destroyed the stubs and otherwise obtained money belonging to the firm.

—The Caledonian mine, near Crystal Falls, Michigan, was drowned out on the 9th, under peculiar circumstances. The miners ran a shaft under the river, and, when a blast was exploded, the water burst through and filled the mine. The miners barely escaped with their lives.

—Adolph Tieman, a bricklayer, fell from a moving train in Cincinnati, on the 10th, and was killed by engine No. 217, drawing a freight train. About two years ago his son, Edward Tieman, was killed at the same place by the same engine. A large fly wheel in Bailey & Co's. iron works, at Harrisburg, on the evening of the 10th, damaging the building and injuring ten or twelve men, none, however, mortally. The post-office in Salisbury, Missouri, was badly wrecked by an explosion on the morning of the 10th. It is not known whether the explosion was caused by a keg of powder in the grocery store of J. F. Fidler, adjoining the post-office, or whether it was the work of burglars, but the latter theory has the most advocates.

—Captains of vessels arriving at New York from the south report "an exceedingly large number of floating wrecks" in the path of vessels bound north and south, and at the Hydrographic Office it is said that, unless something is done to clear the seas of such dangers, a marine catastrophe will surely result. A telegram from Sacramento, California, says that reports from the north show that much damage has been done by the water rising in the Sacramento river and the tributaries. The levee below Colusa broke on the morning of the 11th flooding thousands of acres of land. Men are patrolling the levees, watching for danger. A number of small bridges have been washed away.

—A collision occured between two freight trains on the Northern Central Railroad at Emigsville, Penna., on the evening of the 10th, by which two engines and twenty-six cars were demolished, causing a loss to the company of about $100,000. Two trainmen were killed and several injured; of the latter, W. P. Cole, fireman, died on the afternoon of the 11th. The body of Jacob Lightner, engineer, who was buried under the wreck, has been recovered. Frederick Wills and Curtis Woodmansee, painters, fell from the third story window of a building in Birmingham, Alabama, on the 11th, and were killed.

—J. Lew Hallet and Robert Thielman had a fight at Fort Pierre, South Dakota, on the 10th, over the ownership of the Fort Pierre *Herald*. Hallet hit Thielman over the head with a club, inflicting injuries which it is feared will prove fatal. Some unknown assassins shot and killed C. T. Pulsifer while he was going home from his office, in Crowell, Nebraska, on the evening of the 10th. John Daley, the lunatic, who stabbed and killed Joseph C. Kennedy, an aged and respected citizen, in Washington, D. C., in July, 1887, committed suicide on the 11th in St. Elizabeth's Hospital where he has been confined since the homicide.

—A telegram from Kosinsko, Mississippi, says that burglars robbed the safes of J. W. Carter and J. D. Lee, on the evening of the 10th. The sum taken was between $22,000 and $23,000.

—Robert F. Dawson, a Detroit lumberman followed his wife and her son, George F. Osman, to Chicago and had them arrested on the 11th on the charge that they had made two attempts to murder him. Mr. Dawson says that his wife had persuaded him to transfer all his property to her, and, having yielded, she was anxious to get rid of him.

—A destructive wind and rain storm passed over Jeanette, Penna., on the morning of the 11th. Some houses were blown down, and others were moved from their foundations. Trees were torn up by the roots and carried long distances. The loss is estimated at $10,000. James Snaveley's four-story stone mill, at Lexington, Lancaster county, Penna., collapsed on the 11th from the weight of grain on the upper floors.

—A thrilling accident occurred to the Canadian Pacific through express train in the mountains along the Columbia river on the 7th "A rail gave way at a point on the mountain side, high above the river. The engine passed over safely, but the two coaches following swung about and toppled over. The bank was nearly perpendicular, and the cars would have tumbled several hundred feet below into the flowing river had it not been that the coupling twisted around and held the tremendous weight. There were the two cars, one with its load of passengers, suspended between heaven and earth. The weight of the engine and the balance of the train prevented the suspended cars from drawing the whole train down. The suspense was dreadful. The frightened passengers were compelled to remain in their perilous position until the train hands built a platform around and underneath the hanging cars, enabling all to make their escape. The place where the accident occurred is considered the most dangerous point on the mountains."

—It is stated that 250 families in Morton county, Kansas, are in destitute circumstances, and that unless immediate aid is given many of them will die from want of food and clothing.

—The body of Conductor Charles W. Little, one of the victims of the freight wreck on the Northern Central Railroad at Ewingsville, on the morning of the 10th, was found on the morning of the 12th, in the debris. He had been smothered to death. This makes three men killed and two dangerously injured. The coroner's inquest on the 12th resulted in placing the blame for the disaster on Little, he having disobeyed the rules of the road.

—The elbow of a steam pipe in the new Northwestern Depot, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was blown out on the evening of the 11th, and four men were scalded, Herman Boetcher, it is feared, fatally.

—While Sheriff Watson and Deputy Sheriff White, of Mercer county, West Virginia, were at the depot in Wheeling, on the evening of the 11th, waiting to take a train, a thief stole a satchel which was in Watson's care. The valise is said to have contained $5000 in negotiable paper. Burglars entered the office of C. A. Whyland & Co., commission merchants in Chicago, on the evening of the 11th, and took from the safe about $5000 worth of securities most of them negotiable.

—Thomas Folliard was shot and killed in Avoca, Wisconsin, on the 12th, by Lyman De Witt. The shooting was the result of an old feud. Wm. Neil shot and fatally wounded Fletcher Centry, in Norborne, Missouri, on the evening of the 11th. A feud had existed between the two men for some time.

51st CONGRESS.--First Session.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 10th, Mr. Morrill, from the Finance Committee, reported adversely the bill to provide for the organization of national banks with less capital than $50,000, and it was indefinitely postponed. Among the bills introduced was one by Mr. Chandler, to amend the Federal election laws, and one by Mr. Gray, "for the relief of junior officers of the navy." Mr. Turple spoke in advocacy of his anti-Trusts resolution. At the close of his remarks, a bill was introduced by Mr. Evarts for the holding of a world's fair in New York, and it was read a first and second time. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

—In the United States Senate, on the 11th Mr. Hale, from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported back several bills, among them one to promote the efficiency of the enlisted force of the navy, and another for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the United States steamers Trenton and Vandalia and the stranding of the Nipsic, at Samoa. Mr. Call introduced a joint resolution requesting the President to negotiate with Spain for the establishment of an independent Republic in Cuba, upon the payment by the island of the money value of public property therein owned by Spain. Mr. Ingalls introduced a Service and Disability Pension bill. After participating in the ceremonies of the Washington Centenary the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 12th, bills were introduced by Mr. Sherman, to revive the grade of Lieutenant General in the Army; by Mr. Butler, for the emigration of colored people from the South; Mr. Gorman, for a World's Fair in Washington in 1892, and Mr. Stewart, for the free coinage of gold and silver and the issue of coin certificates to circulate as money. A resolution was adopted for the appointment of a select committee of fifteen, to be called the Quadro-Centennial. Mr. Dolph offered a resolution, which was referred, looking to the erection in Washington of a memorial hall, "at which shall be received and retained such statues and portraits of public men and eminent citizens of the United States, and such historical paintings and other works of art, as may be provided by law." After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House, on the 11th no business was transacted, owing to the centennial exercises.

In the House, on the 12th, Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, offered a resolution for the appointment of a special committee of five to investigate the alledged ballot box contract forgery which figured so conspicuously in the Ohio election campaign. The resolution was agreed to without a division. Mr. Brower, of North Carolina, introduced a bill, which was referred to the Ways and Means Committee repealing the tax on tobacco. Mr. Daizell, of Pennsylvania, introduced a joint resolution for the appointment of General A. L. Pearson as Manager of the Soldiers' Home, to fill the vacancy caused by General Hartrauft's death. The death of E. J. Gay, of the Third Louisiana District, was announced, and the House adjourned.

Ingin Summer.

Jest about the time when fall
  Gits to ratlin' in the trees,
An' the man thet knows it all
  'Spicions frost in every breeze,
When a person tells hisse'f
  Thet the leaves look mighty thin.—
Then thar blows a meller breaf!
  Ingin summer's hyere agin.

Kind uh smoky-lookin' blues
  Spins across the mountain side;
An' the heavy mornin' dews
  Greens the grass up fur an' wide,
Natur'raly 'pears ez ef
  She wuz layin' off a day—
Sort-uh drorin' in her breaf
  'Fore she freezes up to stay.

Nary lick o' work I strike
  'Long about this time of year!
I'm a sort-uh slowly like,
  Right when Ingin summer's here.
Wife an' boys kin do the work,
  But a man with natchel wit,
Like I got, kin 'ford to shirk
  Ef he hes a turn for it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe,
  All I ast off any man
Is a common co'n-cob pipe
  With terbacker to my han',
Then jest loose me whar the air
  Simmers 'crost me, wahm an' free!—
Promised lands ull find me thar;
  Wings ull fahly sprout on me!

'm a-loungin round on thrones,
  Bossin' worlds f'om shore to shore
When I stretch my marrer bones
  Jest outside the cabin door!
An' the sunshine seepin' down
  On my old head, bald and gray,
'Pears right like the gilted crown
  I expect to w'ar some day.

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson.*

HANSON'S YALLAR GAL.

She was a young mulatto girl "hired out" to Mrs. John Hanson, as maid of all work—but maid of no work would have been a far more suitable term. She was full of fun from morning till night. She worked as if it was a grand joke, and she stopped to "catch a breath" fifty times a day, and her irate mistress found her floating chips in the river, racing with Bruno the big dog, picking dandelion's for little Susy, or on the long beach in the back porch half asleep.

Somebody was perpetually scolding her but she did not care. Her name was Pine Cone, and she answered to everything.

"Cone have you left that tea-kettle on the stove without water. Didn't I tell you not to do it again.

"Sure Mrs. Hanson, I done forgot, I'se awful sorry. Look thar! Is that Joe by the fence. It is for sure, I'll go catch him. He haint been down here in a week."

"But Cone, fill the kettle first."

"O Mrs. Hanson, wait just a minute."

Off she goes, and it is half an hour before she is back.

"You're a bad girl, Cone," says Mrs. Hanson.

"Couldn't help it no how, misses, Joe said his father done broke his leg, and I wanted to hear about it. He promised me a little speckled hen for Susy. Here Susy, I'm coming out to tell you something." Away she goes again, and is with difficulty brought back and put to work.

She is set to scrub the kitchen floor and left to herself, but as Mrs. Hanson hears no sound of scrubbing in the kitchen she comes back again finds pail soap and brush while from the open door there is a vision of Cone at the top of a cherry tree, picking off fruit for Susy, who waits below.

No one could be angry with her for five minutes, but her merry laugh was music, and one almost forgave her foolish blunders, when she so gladly sprung to do the slightest service, and never complained of the great variety of tasks set for her to do.

Hanson's yallar gal was known throughout the little river town—a place which stood on the banks of the Ohio river, boasted of two streets, Front and Second running parallel with the river, and then went up hill until it ended in farms on a mountain slope, with fields laid out like a checker-board on the sides of the hills. Doonville, boasted a store, a school, and two churches, and it was the county seat. Hanson's lived in "the front," that is close to the river bank, and "Hanson's Yallar Gal" was known to all the boatmen who passed up and down the river.

It had been raining in the way peculiar to this part of the country, for three days, driving across the open fields in sheets of water, and the down pour was unceasing. The opposite bank of the river was lost to view, and no human being who could stay in doors ventured out. The chickens were shut up in the hen house, and the cows were in the barn.

Cone wandered about the house with little Susy at her side, seeking amusement, and even she found it dull. At length she held Susy up to the front window, and told her to count the logs floating by on the foaming river. She watched and helped Susy to count them for a few minutes, and then with a sudden exclamation put her down, and rushed off into the next room.

"Laws Mrs. Hanson, the river done rise fearful," she exclaimed, "you'se must look after them their chickens, or they'll all go."

Mrs. Hanson started up and hurried to the window. There was no doubt about it, the river was rising steadily rapidly, and remorselessly as it always does, creeping on and on, carrying destruction in its path.

The house stood high, it had been "under water" before, as what house on the front street of the river towns has not, but Mr. Hanson was away, and all were not so fortunate as to situation. The little shanties close down by the river brink would soon float, at the rate the river was rising. Already the waves were lapping against the chicken house, and the hens set up a peculiar startled cry.

This was too much for Pine Cone, off came her shoes and stocking's, and before Mrs. Hanson could stop her she was out in the rain, and trying to reach the door of the shed. She succeeded with some difficulty, and the frightened fowls rushed out, and some of them fluttered directly *into* the water instead of away from it, and were floated down with the rushing whirling waters. As Cone glanced up the stream her countenance changed. She rushed back into the house and tore upstairs. "Mrs. Hanson," she said in a tone of great excitement, "take Susy and go to the attic. The lower town's afloat, and I'm going fishing. Where's the clothes line?"

"Cone! Cone! stay here," shouted Mrs. Hanson, but her calls were all in vain. Not daring to wait, she snatched her child and went up into the attic, and from the front window viewed with growing horror in her face, the swollen rushing river, which was bearing away upon its tossing breast trees and roots, animals and furniture, farming tools and sheds, chicken coops and fences, in one mass of whirling ruin.

Out into the storm, and down toward the rush of waters she saw Cone go, bearing the great roll of rope. There was a large tree which from the shelving bank hung directly over the water. It had been washed by many floods and although its drooping branches almost touched the rising waters, the root was firm in the bank.

Into this Cone climbed like a cat, and out on to the branches that leaned over the river. She tied a slip knot in the end of her rope, and let it down over the water. Then she looked up to the attic window and waved her hand. "I'm fishin'," she called out, but her voice was lost in the roar of the waters.

For a while it was what Cone called "fun." She caught two baskets, three chickens, four or five small boxes and tins. But it was not pleasant when the great newfoundland dog floated by and was lost, and two beautiful lambs which were the property of a neighbor bleated piteously as they were swept away. What was this that came lifting up human hands for help. A woman! Cone flung her rope far out, but the hand that clutched for it fell short, and the cry that rang out from the doomed woman was above the rush of waters. Cone's gaze never faltered. Others might come. It was very solemn fishing now. A chair, a door, a wheel, two horses struggling with the stream, fled away from her into the mist.

Look now Cone! A man clinging to a log. Fling wide Cone! He caught the knot and bracing herself with the rope wound around and around the tree, Cone drew upon the strained end and the man struggled with the current until he was within reach of the branches of the tree.

"God bless you Cone," he said, as he caught and held them fast.

She paid no further heed to him, but turned her attention upon the angry river. It grew more and more difficult every minute, and the strong tree swayed to and fro, Cone ceased to shout and call as she had done at first, her whole soul was centered in the work given her to do. She realized without thinking about it that this was the supreme point of her life, perhaps all that she had been sent into the world to do. She thought several times as she swayed to and fro and threw out her rope, that it might be the last act of her life.

But Cone was spry as a cat. Her habit's of climbing and clinging served her a good purpose now. Three times the rope was thrown wide and a human being with a cry of gratitude was drawn to a place of safety. They went to the house if they could walk, or sunk down when they were to recover strength. Cone did not even turn her head, and was, deaf to all entreaties to leave her watch tower, while there was time.

Presently she saw a boat upside down with a man clinging to it. She knew the boat. It had left the spot where she was early in the morning, and Mr. Hanson was in it. It was he she knew who clung to it now. With one terrified glance toward the window where the wife waited, she made ready her rope. She leaned out on the top most bough and as she flung, called out. "Take hold Massa Hanson, and let go the boat."

He caught the rope, but held to the boat. Cone could have borne the strain of the one, but the two with the rushing tide sweeping on drew her down from her dangerous height, and in a moment she was in the water.

She never lost the rope however, and Hanson clinging to the end of it, let go the boat. Together they struggled while the watchers from the shore, whom Cone had rescued called out to them with cheering words; it was all that they could do. They thought and feared there was but little chance for her. She seemed swayed by the wild rush of the waters, and to be losing courage. Presently, however, she caught with one hand to a point in the rope beyond her then another and another, until like a sailor, hand over hand she climbed the rope up to where the clinging branches of the tree leaned over the water. Already the roots were being undermined, and the great tree which had stood so many floods was tottering. Cone climbed in among the branches again, but even then she did not sink. Hanson still clung to the end, and must be saved. With all the remaining strength she had, she tugged at the long rope, he made one brave struggle and was saved.

Cone opened her eyes to beautiful sunshine, and the quiet placid river was within her sight. It was three weeks later, and she lay weak and still on a low bed which had been drawn near the window. She turned her eyes wonderingly from the window to the face of her mistress who bent over her with eyes full of gratitude.

"Has the water gone?" she asked.

"The flood is over, but we thought we should lose you with it Cone," said Mrs. Hanson.

"Are they all safe?" asked Cone again.

"Yes, and only waiting for you to be well enough, that they may thank you. Cone, as I do!"

"I am going down with the river," she said softly, and closed her eyes to open them no more on earth.

"Exhaustion from exposure, the doctor's explained—but those whom she had saved said "the angels took her."

Susperstitions on 'Change.

I do not believe that there is a man in the world absolutely free of superstition, and right here on 'change there is as much of it as anywhere. If a pigeon should fly into the hall it cannot get out and men here aver that the market will not go down until it is shot, and, being "bears," the execution of the unfortunate bird is at once ordered. Others aver that a break in the market always follows spontaneous singing in the pit. There are fifty men in the body who will neither buy nor sell on Friday, and others that avoid number thirteen on a car or invoice as they would a pestilence. A cross eyed man is bad luck; so is shaking hands with a man wearing gloves. A hunchback is good luck if accidentally thrown against you, but bad luck if you purposely rub against him. Pick up a handful of wheat and count the grains; if an even number you will have good luck, if odd you will lose on the day. Never permit a man to present you with a knife, but rather pay him a nickel for it. Do not mistake a man and call him by the wrong name, or the market will go against you. These are a few of the petty superstitions which men permit to worry them.

Another Wonderful Dog.

A man in Chicago who drives a pretzel wagon around town has a great curiosity and patent advertisement in the shape of a yellow dog. This dog is a sort of a Scotch terrier, and he is wonderful because he does not sit in the seat with the driver, like ordinary dogs, but he jumps on the horse's back, runs up toward his shoulders, and with fore-feet on the horse's collar, he rides through the street as though perfectly at home in his strange position. The horse trots along with a lumbering gait which must be most uncomfortable to his canine passenger, but the dog holds his "seat," sometimes on three feet, sometimes on two, and seldom on all four. He seem to like it, too, and appears to enjoy the wondering stares and amused glances of people who see him in his great feat for the first time. The driver appears unconscious of the sensation his pet is making, but all the same he enjoys it as much as the dog does.

Window Cleaning as a Trade.

A novel enterprise in New York is an establishment which makes a business of cleaning windows. Although public attention has only recently been attracted to it, the company was organized last February, and has already established a fairly paying trade. The cleaners all wear uniforms, which consist of a blue suit, and a peak-cap with a shield, on which is the company's name. They all carry ladders, which are painted red and white. At the top, where the ladder tapers to a point, there is a square block of rubber, so that when the ladder is placed against a widow, on account of the size of the blocks and the elasticity of the rubber, the pressure is not great enough to break the glass, the rubber also preventing the ladder from scratching the pane. The company charges according to the size of the window; for washing an ordinary-sized window it charges $1 a month. Each employee cleans from 100 to 150 windows a day.

The Touch of Nature.

Rev. D. L. Moody was speaking of equipment for religious work when he made the appended remark, but doesn't the principle involved apply, some degrees at least, to agricultural students of land-grant "universities," where field labor is ignored if not despised, and to experiment-station professors who, like Dundreary, "never saw the country, 'pon honor?" "Boys who begin at sixteen and spend their lives till twenty-four in preparatory school, college and theological seminary, know no more of human nature than if they had dropped out of the moon. They are a good deal like the minister of whom his old Scotch parishioneer said that he was invisible six days in the week and incomprehensible on the seventh. There is such a thing as being educated away from the people. Train by actual contact and experience."

Like-Unlike.

A thought, a child create of pain and pleasure,
May flush the cheek alike for either mood;
So close the founts of each, so hard to measure
Where ill leaves off and where begins the good.

Tears are but tears, whether of joys or sorrows;
The evening dews which mourn for dying days,
Dawn-shed, joyfully welcome new-born morrows
With tiny promise-bows of gorgeous rays.

Pride oft may be a mask to cover meekness,
The glowing body hold a shivering soul,
Speed at the outset tell a tale of weakness,
And faltering steps be strongest at the goal.

Not always is it the trembling limbs that utter,
Nor arms upraised that cannot fail to strike;
Flowers of the fairest may perfume a gutter,
For life is a picture of the like—unlike.

—B. K. Higinbotham.

ROGER FAYNE'S SECRET.

"What an exquisite thing!" murmured Violet Fayne, in ecstacy. "But why did Rodger never show it to me before, and whose could it have been?"

The "exquisite thing" was a heavy rope of beautiful, perfect pearls which Violet, in rummaging an old trunk of her husband's had found carefully enveloped in pink cotton at the bottom of a quaint walnut casket.

She had pounced upon the jewels with childish delight, admiring their milky radiance, while inwardly wondering that Roger had never, in the six months of their wedded life, spoken of their existence.

"It is strange!" mused Violet, twisting the rope reflectively around her fingers.

Suddenly she dropped it as if it had been a viper, and gave utterance to a low cry of horror.

"Blood!" she whispered, in terror-fraught tones. "Oh heaven! upon what fearful mystery have I stumbled?"

She reeled toward a chair and closed her eyes to shut out the sight, but in spite of herself her gaze continued to wander toward the heap of gleaming pearls on the floor of the attic chamber, and violent shudders shook her frame.

"I will put it back in the casket," murmured Violet to herself, "and when Roger returns, I will ask him to explain."

She arose from the easy-chair into which she had flung herself, and, with much inward repugnance, took up the rope of pearls to restore it to its hiding place.

But as she took the casket from the trunk, a slip of paper fell amid the pink cotton.

She read it, with a paling brow:

"DEAR ROGER:—Why did you choose pearls? Do you know their language? It is tears. Yet I will wear them to the ball to-night in spite of superstition. Would that you were coming with me instead of that horrid Count Sigmund!

"Ever thine,
OCTAVIA."

Deathly white, Violet stood motionless, the tell-tale note crushed in her hand.

Ah, she understood, now! and, with a thrill of untold anguish, realized that she was not her husband's first love. And if not his first, she was certainly not his best.

Perhaps, indeed, he had never loved her at all. She was a rich heiress. Had Roger Fayne married her for her wealth? Oh, horrible reflection!

What was the mystery that string of lucid pearls might tell? The dark, carmine stain that marred the beauty of three of them, the minute spatters on others—what did they mean?

Tortured by these thoughts, Violet replaced pearls and note in their quaint receptacle, and donning her wraps, hastily left the house.

She would go to her mother, and sob out her misery on that faithful heart which had never yet failed her.

With this design, she left the busy thoroughfare of Omaha, and hailing a street car, rode out to Central Park, the residence of her parents.

Mrs. Gaylord was bending over a huge brass kettle on the kitchen stove, briskly stirring the bubbling contents.

She dropped the ladle in consternation, as her daughter's white face appeared at the door.

"Why, Violet, child!" she cried, aghast, "you look like a ghost! Has anything happened?"

"Yes," sobbed Violet, throwing herself upon her mother's breast. "My heart is broken, mamma!"

By degrees, Mrs. Gaylord drew from her the whole story, but wisely refrained from saying anything to augment her daughter's feverishly excited state of mind.

"Lie down in here, my child," said she, soothingly, conducting Violet to the cool sitting-room, and arranging the pillows on the sofa. "You are worn and hysterical, and need rest.

Violet submitted; and after seeing her comfortably established on the lounge, Mrs. Gaylord returned to the kitchen and her neglected jam, closing the door softly behind her.

She had but just resumed her stirring, when the gate clicked, there was a sound of quick, firm footsteps up the red-brick walk, and Roger Fayne, pale and excited, stood before her.

"Mother, is Violet here?" he inquired, huskily.

"Why, Roger, what is the matter?" queried the diplomatic old woman, as she vigorously stirred her jam.

"Then she is not here?" groaned the young man, sinking despondently into a chair. "I have driven her from me forever, and all through a piece of unpardonable negligence."

"Explain yourself, Roger," said Mrs. Gaylord, gently. "Why has Violet left her home?"

Roger turned his white face toward her with a look of hopeless agony stamped upon the fine features.

"I went home," he began slowly, "in time to take Violet to the afternoon matinee; but finding the house apparently deserted, I wandered through the rooms in quest of her. What impulse led me to the attic chamber I know not, but when I opened the door a cold chill struck my heart, for the little hair trunk stood open, with that horrible wooden casket lying on top of the other contents. I knew it had been placed at the very bottom, and it dawned upon me instantly that Violet had been amusing herself in my absence by exploring the garret, and coming upon that string of pearls, with its accompanying note, had gathered a wrong impression from its contents and left my roof forever."

"I do not comprehend you, Roger," said Mrs: Gaylord, still stirring her jam. "What pearls and note do you mean?"

"Of course you do not know," answered the young man, hastily. "I had not even told Violet as yet, though I had long been intending to do so. It is an old story, mother. My Uncle Roger, for whom I was named, was engaged to a lovely girl, Octavia Varien, or the 'Star of Silver Creek,' as she was called by her admirers.

"This was twenty years ago, when Roger Fayne was a young man of twenty-five. He was the chosen lover of Octavia, but he had one rival—a dark princely looking German count—Sigmund by name, who had sworn to win the 'Star' from her betrothed, if to do so he periled his own soul.

"One night there was to be a grand ball—a masquerade; but owing to a business engagement my uncle could not escort his lovely *fiancee*, though he intended to drop in later on in the evening.

"So Octavia accepted Count Sigmund as her escort, with the understanding that Roger was to take her home when the ball was over. She was to represent a snow-queen; and her lover said to her, as he kissed her lips in farewell the day before the masquerade:

"'I will send you some jewels to correspond with your costume, darling; but don't quite break Count Sigmund's heart with your beauty, my beautiful Star.'

Octavia laughed at him, although her heart sank strangely at his words, and so they parted.

"The jewels came next day—a magnificent rope of pearls. And when arrayed in her ball dress, Octavia Varien was such a vision of loveliness as is rarely seen by mortal eyes.

So at least thought Count Sigmund, and he haunted her through the evening like a shadow. His costume was that of a Mephistopheles, and Octavia shuddered and grew whiter than ever when she met his passionate gaze.

"My uncle came at midnight; but he looked in vain amid the gay dancers for a sight of his snow queen. She was not visible; but several people had seen her going toward the conservatory with Count Sigmund, and thither he bent his steps.

"The soft odors of jasmine and night blooming cereus filled the air. The murmur of rippling fountains filled his ears as he wandered amid exotic and tropical plants in quest of his love.

"On the velvety margin of a little fountain he found her; but no smile of welcome greeted him. In her filmy lace robes, with the rope of pearls crossed over her breast and knotted about her slender waist, she lay—dead!

"In her heart, a jeweled dagger, of foreign workmanship, gave clue to the assassin; but Count Sigmund was never found. He had fled to his native land.

"My uncle never rallied from the shock. In one short month we laid him beside his murdered Octavia. The pearls passed into my possession. Octavia's life blood stains them, and with them is the note she wrote after receiving them.

"Such is the story I neglected telling my wife, thinking it too horrible for her ears; and now it is too late. I have lost her forever! Oh, Violet, Violet!"

"I am not lost, Roger."

Was it a dream?

No! Violet's soft arms were around his neck, her rose-leaf cheek was pressed against his, and her voice was murmuring, penitently:

"Forgive me, dear. I have been very foolish. I should have trusted my husband in the face of everything, and I will hereafter."

Mrs. Gaylord was blind and deaf to everything but the brass kettle; so these ,wo silly young people made it all up, and vowed never to have any more mysteries from each other.

New African Gold Discoveries.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "Recent accounts published of gold discoveries discoveries in the Transvaal Republic of South Africa go far to confirm the theory that the gold mines yet to be explored in South Africa may be as productive as those were in California or Australia. One town has sprung up, Johannesburg, on the edge of the gold fields, that now contains 40,000 inhabitants. The yield in six months of the present year of these mines has been $4,000,000. These mines are several hundred miles beyond the famous diamond mines of Kimberly. The latter mines are already connected with the sea coast by railroad. Miners are now flocking to the gold mines in the Transvaall Republic in great numbers. In all such mining excitements there is a great deal of fiction mixed up with the facts. But far beyond the Transvaal Republic in Mashuna-land there are reports of wonderful discoveries, surpassing in richness any heretofore known. The natives are extremely hostile to the white, but the latter are pushing on to the mines. If the gold is there, it may be assumed that no native hostility will keep the miners out. The latest theory is that the real Ophir is in Mashuna-land. But it may be noted that Ophir is always moved along to the richest mines that are found. However, on the theory that Solomon procured his gold for the temple from the southwest coast of Africa, Ophir might as well be located in the mysterious Mashuna-land at elsewhere until the next famous discovery is made in Africa."

—There was a light snow-storm at Guttenburg and Clifton, and a hard freeze.

—Budd Doble's horses have arrived at Fresno, Cal.

—W. L. Scott is looking for another imported stallion.

A SHIP "HEAVING TO."

How Seamen Accomplish this very Perilous Feat.

The operation of "heaving to," performed by nearly every sailing vessel caught on the coast during the recent storm, is never resorted to by merchant vessels until it becomes absolutely necessary. The moment a vessel is "hove to" she becomes practically stationary, the object being merely to keep her "head to the seas." Among the many vessels caught outside during the gale was every type of craft known to "deep water voyages." There were East Indian clippers, West Indian brigs, barks, barkentines and schooners, and a few steamers.

Many of the East Indian packets had been out over one hundred and twenty days. For many days prior to the storm the sky had been overcast. Only occasionally would the sun appear, and then for so short a time as to render even a catch "sight" well nigh out of the question. In consequence many ships had been running by "dead reckoning," making the supposed position of the vessel a most uncertain one.

Under such conditions were vessels overtaken by the terrible northeast. Wind and sea aided each other in making navigation perilous, the seas threatening at every moment to roll over on the decks of the fleeing vessels. Some craft, perhaps better able to stand the seas, hold on, steering on a supposed true course for port. In laying off this course the base has been taken from a supposed true position of the ship. Instead of citing the entrance, the lookout is heard calling "Breakers ahead!" To one unacquainted with a seafaring life the horror which accompanies such a sound beggars description. Let it be night time and the horror is increased. There is but one thing to do, and that quickly—to call "All hands save ship!"

The vessel is in a lee shore, the gale is blowing right on, and unless she can be made to beat up in the wind, head off, and clear the coast she will beach. Up comes everybody with a rush, half dressed, half dazed, but fully alive to the danger. The moment the seamen reach the deck the cutting wind makes wide awake all hands.

"Hard down the helm! Let fly the head sheet, lee head and main and weather cross-jack braces! Spanker sheet!" As fast as the orders fly from the bridge the men jump to their stations. Round comes the great ship, and up into the wind. The head sails flap with tremendous force, threatening to fly out of the leach ropes with every roll. Now the spanker is being hauled a-weather. She feels it, and, as the stern flies off, her head comes right up into the mass of seething waters.

"Round in the lee head and main and weather cross-jack braces!" Already the men are at their places, and up comes the weather-yard arms into the wind. The vessel is now broadside to the seas. It is a question of life and death whether she will stop. If she but continues to come up all is well. A drag has been gotten over from forward. To it is bent a hawser leading through a quarter chock. The drag is well away from the ship. On to the hawser jump the crew. Away they go with a rush. The drag hawser is run right to the bows, and at the same time the bow comes up rapidly.

Not a moment too soon. A great sea the next instant lifts the ship high into the air. Had it caught her "broadside to" it would have plunged tons of green seas upon the decks. But the great craft's bow has met it. She rose as the wave advance and plunged heavily forward as it rushed under her.

Now is the time to catch her. Sharp up go the yards on the head and main. The head sheets are hauled well aft, the helm carefully tended, the spanker cases up slightly; the ship feels the canvas, small as the amount on her is; she reaches forward, staggers for a moment then slowly works her way off through sea after sea. As soon as she is far enough out to sea the vessel is brought up into the wind, off comes the foretopmast staysail, foresail, foretopsail and spanker. A close-reefed maintopsail and main spencer alone hold her up, and all attempt to fall off is counteracted by the position of the rudder.

Should the wind still continue to increase in violence, the topsail will be goose-winged. This latter soil is kept on as long as possible because of its being above the waves. Under a main spencer alone the ship has but little opportunity to feel the wind, the waves serving as a bulwark. Should, however, a goose-winged topsail and main spencer prove too much, tarpaulins placed in the lee mizzen rigging may hold her up.

If she still continues to heel over, the crew will cut away the foremast by cutting the weather laniards. If this will not right her away will go the mizzen and main, and then trust to riding out to a sea anchor. This alone can save the vessel. Let her once fall off, get into the trough of the sea, and the consequences will be expressed in the one word of the seaman, "Foundered."

A Thinking Room.

With this title the woman's news gives us a very interesting article which cannot fail to commend itself to all thoughtful people. We reproduce it entire.

If I could give everybody one pleasant thing in life, I would wish that it might be a room alone. Not only should every man woman and child have a separate sleeping apartment, but they should have an apartment, a sanctum, however small, however poor, where they could go and commune with self.

I pity women and men who tell me, as they have, that they wanted to write, or think, or read, but were talked to, until they were nigh daft, or somebody was playing on the piano, or the children were laughing, or some confusing thing going on. I tell you there is not one living soul but needs to gather himself together, to gain strength for the battle of life, to concentrate his magnetic forces, by being alone for a time.

It gives me the terrors now, a sort of delirium comes over me, when I think of the continuous unrest of some homes. There the mother is never alone, everybody is talking at once, no member of the family has a room to go to, where sweet peace may soothe and where solitude's luxury may nurse weary nerves, and exhausted forces may be restored. In these homes the very walls reflect unrest, no member of this family has a gentle voice and musical inflections, not one has ever had an opportunity to study the pretty things that come like inspirations when we are alone for an hour or two. They do not know the meaning of "I loaf and invite my soul," (Walt Whitman's song,) they have never felt the serene happiness that come with perfect silence, solitude and a book, or a chat with a friend on paper; and worse than that, they get in the habit of always needing some one about, and are lonely if left alone for an hour, do the people accustomed to this eternal confusion.

It is an occult law too, I believe that makes us crave solitude sometimes. I remember once when a bright friend was my guest for several weeks, and every moment had been filled with babble, chat, music, visitors or the theatre, when all of a sudden a faintness, a sort of insanity came over me, and I begged to be left alone for just a few minutes. I went into my little bed room, locked the door and in an hour was serene and strong again.

Neither can I understand how women can go from one dissipation to another with hardly time to remember their names, and where they live, and then when they get home have no rest there because every member of the family is trained to be all over the house. No wonder that the members of these families know less every year, and that they have neither physical, mental nor moral strength. Solitude gives opportunity to do good work, and were it not for sometime isolation we would never have had Emerson's sweet helpful essays, Carlyle's forceful works nor Edison's miracles of the nineteenth century.

Swedenborg says somewhere: "There are also angels who do not live consociated, but separate, house and house; these dwell in the midst of heaven, because they are the best of angels." So I believe should be every home, where the soul, weary of ever present society, may find itself and rest.

I believe mothers would be sweeter and more patient, fathers would be finer and more tender, and children would have lovelier characters, if they had a little nook where intrusion would be a profanity, and where to emerge from would mean to come out rested, fresh, bright and sunny, and ready to give out again of the magnetic force gathered, not continuously dissipated.

Mathew Arnold wrote some beautiful lines I always think of in connection with a room to one's self. They are:

"Calm soul of all things make it mine
To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar."

Louise Markscheffel

The Dragon Trees.

These trees, ugly enough to have been ingeniously described by some writers as the original of the dragon who guarded the golden apples (or oranges) of the Hesperides and which grow on the island of Teneriffe, have a curiously animal appearance. One seeks comparison for them more naturally in the reptile than in the vegetable kingdom, and having called up images of the crocodiles and serpents, the mind falls back through ichthyosaurians and vaguely known prehistoric beasts to the enchanted tree-animals of fable. A scaly, formless, colorless creature rearing himself on his tail and spitting sword-blades is what you seem to see, and of him, as of Spenser's Dragon of Error, there are a thousand young ones bred, "each one of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored." The tree, which is botanically no tree at all, but a form of giant asparagus, grows up in the form of a sausage, without any leaves, but one tuft of sharp aloe-like foliage at the top, and does not begin to branch until it has attained a certain height. It then begins to divide into three or four smaller, but still bulky sausages, each bearing a tuft of leaves, and once it branches it is said to grow no more upwards, but only to increase in size. I am inclined to doubt this, for I have never seen an unbranched specimen of anything like the full height of some of the older trees; but as they take thousands of years to come to perfection all that is said of them must be necessarily to some extent conjectural. The specimen described by Humboldt as standing in one of the gardens of Oratava, and unfortunately blown down about twenty years ago, was pronounced by botanists to be at least six thousand years old. The earliest historic notice of it that we have is a mere nothing in comparison with such an age, but at the time of the Spanish conquest it was already a hollow tree, used by the Guanches for their religious observances, and mass was said in it for the Spanish commanders in the year 1495. The scarlet juice drawn from these trees, which the Guanches used for the preservation of their mummies, adds to their weird resemblance to animals. No poet that I know of has given to the blood of his fabled monster the power of preserving the body without the soul, but when one thinks of this as a property of the dragon's blood it combines with the extraordinary age of the trees to give them a unique place in the imagination.

Chinese Sacred Narcissus.

ORIENTAL LILY OR "JOSS FLOWER."

This beautiful variety is grown by the Chinese according to the ancient custom, to bloom at the advent of their new year, it is highly prized and called by them "Joss Flower" or Flower of the Gods; the bulbs are specially grown, by a method known only to themselves, whereby they attain great size and strength, insuring luxuriant growth and a remarkable profusion of bloom in a very short period; they are generally flowered in shallow ornamental bowls containing water, the bulbs being surrounded by bright colored pebbles, to prevent them from toppling over when in bloom; the flowers which are borne in clusters on tall spikes are white with a golden yellow centre and deliciously fragrant; the bulbs will bloom in from 6 to 8 weeks time after planting, and with a few bulbs started at intervals of about four weeks, a succession of flowers may be had throughout the winter; after starting the bulbs, they should be kept in a dark cellar or closet until rooted, which requires about ten days time, then place in a warm, sunny window and keep daily supplied with water.

FASHION NOTES.

Just at this season, garments for outside wear claim our attention almost exclusively. It seems hardly possible, on account of the changable weather, to vary these garments in accordance with the season. A garment which is very serviceable, as well as suitable for all weather, is a polonaise of wool goods lined with satin or surah. The sleeves should also be lined unless they are made of velvet of a pretty contrasting color; they should be full at the top but fit closely at and below the elbow. For trimming there are fancy buttons, braid and brandenbourg's, which last are extremely popular. On nearly all over garments, carricks, pocket-laps and cuffs of Astrakan, plush or seal-skin are used; the sleeves, cuffs and carrick being lined with fancy satin or silk. Long cloaks, that close on the side, have deep Russian collars and cuffs of fur or material different from the cloak. Sometimes we see the upper part of the front of fur or fancy material.

Hoods which seem to meet with great favor are most becoming when placed under high rolling collars. Both rough and smooth material, especially *damasee* woolens, still remain fashionable, and will, probably, for many seasons to come, for outside wraps.

Perhaps, it will not be amist to give our readers a few words this week regarding mourning styles. Widows follow very closely directions given for English costumes, covering the material for dresses, completely with crape. The capote quite plain and draped with a long veil, fastened in front, then refastened in the back, covering the dress entirely. The dress skirt of Cashmere is covered to within nine inches of the waist with crape.

Although mourning garments are not worn in the same manner as formerly, still they are not less exacting. The large shawl is but little worn. At the end of a few weeks it is laid aside, and a large garment, of the same material as the dress, takes its place, trimmed with English crape.

For the winter, the large pelisse of Sivan's down or cloth, the back lined with Siberian squirrel, has been adopted.

When deep mourning is desired, great care should be given in selecting not only the material, but also the trimmings of English crape. In the widow's costume the dress is covered with English crape to within eight inches of the waist. On the corsage is placed a corselet of crape. Ornaments of crape are placed on the top of the sleeves, and the hat is draped with a long veil. With this is worn a skirt of black cashmere, trimmed with mohair braid or embroidery of the same material. The stockings are black, the boots of kid for winter. The ornaments are of Whitty jet, and the handkerchiefs have a wide border of black. Later, plain trimmings of passementerie are worn. For the neck and wrists, folds of grenadine or of silk crape.

The jacket is of Astrakan, or, if of cloth, ornamented with beautiful trimmings of embroidered crape which are less severe, but still preserve an aspect of deep mourning.

A garment much in favor for the second period of mourning is the large redingote in mohair "*damasee*." It is very becoming, lined with black silk, and trimmed around the neck and on each front with a pinked silk ruche. This garment is very comfortable, easy to wear, and can be made very warm by lining it with wadded silk. In half mourning grey pearl earrings are admirable.

Besides the principal objects of the costume, it is necessary to look minutely after the thousand and one objects of which a refined woman makes use. I perfumes are used iris alone is admissable. If flowers are used for ornament or room decoration, only white or violet—such as Chrysanthemums or lilacs, in their season, also, only mauve or violet ribbons. Slippers, portemonaie, handkerchief case, etc., should be black. The gold watch should be encased in an ebony cover, or replaced by a silver one.

Many, no doubt will consider all these trifling details absurd. We are of a different opinion, for if one assumes mourning garments there should be harmony in all details.

FELICE LESLIE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST:

Rice as Food

Rice is no doubt the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people subsist on it, and its consumption is increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native population of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and in fact of almost all eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Malay laborer gets through fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese and Siamese forty-six pounds in the same period. The eastern nations also chiefly obtain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of 150,000,000 gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water; consequently it forms more fat than muscle.

A Young Woman's Work.

Apropos of art tilings, a young lady living on St. Charles avenue, who has more brains than money, has made for her mother's parlor floor a wooden border, consisting of blocks of tiles carved in a florid and flaring design. A dado for the mantlepiece and tiles for the fireplace finish up this room most beautifully.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Origin of "Nag's Head."

Nag's Head is situated north of Albemarle Sound and derives its names from the custom of a former inhabitant, by trade a wrecker, who used to tie a lantern to his horse's head on stormy nights and ride the animal up and down the coast to give vessels in the offing the idea that another craft was cruising nearer shore and that consequently there was plenty of sea room.

HORSE NOTES.

—Axtell's height is 15 hands, 3 inches.

—Maud S's fastest quarter was 30¼s. Sunol has knocked the fraction off that time.

—Jockey Bergen rode four winners and a second out of five mounts at Guttenburg recently.

—Jockey Reagan had his collar bone broken at Clifton recently, his mount, the filly She, falling.

—El Rio Rey is completely recovered from his unfortunate illness, and his health pretty well restored.

—Mr. J. T. Sheridan will handle the starter's flag at the spring meetings at Nashville, Latonia and Chicago.

—J. D. Fulford won the first two races on the opening day of the New Orleans meeting and Freeman piloted the winners.

—The b. g. The Item, record 2.25¼, purchased by the Sire Brothers at the Phillips sale in Philadelphia, has been sent to France.

—The 2 year old Erlié, by Foxhall, out of Tact, won the Emscote Plate at the Warwick and Leamington meeting on November 19.

—W. M. Stewart, better known as "Doc" Stewart, a well-known trotting horse man, died at Denver, Col., Tuesday, December 3d.

—Robert Wyatt, a prominent English jockey in his day and who rode the Cesarewith winner in 1868, died recently in his thirty-ninth year.

—Eighty-six entries have been received for the English Two Thousand Guineas of 1891, that number being a little above the average of recent years.

—James H. Temple, the former owner of Harry Wilkes, 2.13½; J. Q., 2.17¾, and others, will visit Buenos Ayres, South America, soon after the holidays.

—The phenomenal trotter Susie S., 2.15½, who holds the world's record for a 5 year old mare, will be sold at the Woodard sale in February next to close a partnership.

—It is reported that John Stetson and a syndicate with a capital of $300,000 have purchased the Readville (Mass.) track with the view of converting it into a running course.

—Eighty-six entries have been received for the English Two Thousand Guineas of 1891, the number being a little above the average of recent years.

—Contrary to rumors, James McLaughlin will hold the flag at Clifton until the first day of February, when he will probably hand it over to Mr. J. T. Clare, superintendent of the track.

—Electioneer has foryt-nine sons and daughters in the 2.30 list, and only one of these is a pacer. Prominent among the trotters are Sunol, 3 year old record 2.10½; Wildflower, 2 year old record 2.21; Manzanita, 4 year old record 2.16, and Palo Alto, stallion record 2.12¼.

—Budd Doble, pacing [record 2.13½, has started in fifteen races, of which he won five, the second in five, third in two, fourth in one and unplaced in two. He has paced sixty-three contested heats, winning eighteen, eleven of which were finished below 2.20 and four below 2.16.

—The total tax paid to the State of New York by the Coney Island, Brooklyn, New York, American, Saratoga and Brighton Jockey Clubs for the season of 1889 was $22,233.18—a very nice little sum to be divided among the agricultural fairs of the State.

—The gray mare Lucretia, recently sent to Australia from America, was the winner of the time handicap trotting race at Elstemwick Park. The distance was two miles, and she started 15 seconds behind the scratch horse, Outcast, which finished fourth. Time —5.49.

—At Palo Alto, on November 29, Charles Marvin drove Sunol a quarter in 31¼ s., a 2.05 gait. Mr. Robert Bonner was present and was delighted with the trial. He complimented Marvin on his management of Sunol, and promised him $1000 on the day that he drives her below 2.06¼, the record of Johnstown, the pacer.

—The Westchester course is about to undergo several alterations. One of these is the finishing post. This is to be moved several feet south, or further down the stretch. This will give the people in the boxes and in the new club-house a better view of the finish. It will, moreover, render the home-stretch even a more "magnificent distance" than ever.

—At the annual meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeders Association, held at Rochester, N. Y., recently, these officers were elected: President, F. G. Babcock, Hornelaville; First Vice President, H. M. Little, Macedon; Second Vice President, Dr. J. W. Day, Waterloo; Third Vice President, C. J. Hamlin, Buffalo; Secretary and Treasurer, M. E. Servis, Rochester.

—Sir John Astley seems to have taken a particular interest in the trotting horses under the charge of Splan, the American driver at Olympia. Perhaps he may wish to start a track in connection with the Hamilton Park Race meeting, in the management of which he takes no silent part. Possibly there is no place in Britain where trotting would catch on so readily. Messenger, the Orloff trotter, and Prince von Bismarck, Berlin, Childe Harold and several other American horses were all located at one time within ten miles of Hamilton Park.

—The Pimlico (Baltimore, Md.) Association has elected the following officers for 1890, and expects to take a front seat in the trotting circle next year: President, Hon. Frank Brown; Vice Presidents, General Ferdinand C. Latrobe and Christian Devries; Secretary, Colonel Robert Hough; Treasurer, David Cowan; Executive Committee, Frank Brown, Colonel Robert Hough' David Cowan, T. Edward Hambleton, Alexander Brown, Thomas Deford, John E. Phillips, Josiah Lee Johnston, Howard Munnickhuysen, Douglass H. Thomas, H. Clay, Tunis, Lloyd L. Jackson, E. L. Bartlett, Alexander H. Russell and General E. Law Rogers.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 19.

THE DAVIS FUNERAL

The South Reverently Honors Its Departed Leader.

MEMORIAL SERVICES EVERYWHERE.

An Imposing Funeral Cortege, Both in Numbers and Ceremonial—Bishop Galleher's Eloquent Funeral Oration. Ceremonies at the Grave.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 12.—By universal request Jefferson Davis was given a funeral in full accord with his superior rank as military officer, in addition to which numerous civic and other organizations combined to render the cortege in all respects most imposing, not only with reference to numbers, but in the pomp and circumstance of its elaborate ceremonial.

The obsequies, which were according to the ritual of the Episcopal church, were conducted by Bishop Galleher, assisted by five officiating clergymen of various denominations as follows: Father Hubert, Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. Davis' rector at Biloxi, Miss.; Rev. Dr. Markham, Rev. Mr. Blakewell and Rev. Mr. Martin.

The Funeral Sermon.

Bishop Galleher delivered a feeling tribute to the dead, which visibly affected the large gathering present. He spoke as follows:

"When we utter our prayers to-day for those who are distressed in mind, when we lift our petitions to the Most Merciful and ask a benediction on the desolate, we remember that one household above others is bitterly bereaved and that hearts closely knitted to our own are deeply distressed. For the master of Beauvoir lies dead under the drooping flag of the saddened city; the light of his dwelling has gone out and left it lonely for all days to come.

Surely we grieve with those who weep the tears of homely pain and trouble, and there is not a sigh of the gulf breeze that swings the swinging moss on the cypress trees sheltering their homes but finds an answer in our own burdened breathing.

The end of a long and lofty life has come and a moving volume of human history has been closed and clasped. The strange and sudden dignity of death has been added to the fine and resolute dignity of living.

A man who in his person and history symbolized the solemn convictions and tragic fortunes of millions of men cannot pass into the gloom that gathers around a grave without sign or token from the surcharged bosoms of those he leaves behind, and when Jefferson Davis, reaching "the very seamark of his utmost sail," goes to his God, not even the most ignoble can chide the majestic mourning, the sorrowing honors of a last "salute."

I am not here to stir, by a breath, the embers of a settled strife; to speak one word unworthy of him and of the hour; what is writ in the world's memory and in the books of God. But I am here to say for our help and inspiration that this man, as a Christian and a churchman, was a lover of all high and righteous things as a citizen, was fashioned in the old, faithful type; as a soldier, was marked and fitted for more than fame—the Lord God having set on him the seal of the liberty of men.

Gracious and gentle, even to the lowliest, nay, especially to them; tender as he was brave, he deserved to win all the love that followed him.

Fearless and unselfish, he could not well escape the life-long conflict to which he was committed. Greatly and strangely misconceived he bore injustice with the calmness befitting his place.

At the Cemetery.

The pageant reached the cemetery in due time. When the progress of the procession finally brought the military to the monument the police and soldiers were drawn up all around the circle, and as the funeral car with the long line of carriages in its wake drew up the line of soldiers facing the monument were given "right about" orders to salute the bier. The choiresters had preceded the funeral and took up position in a group to the left of the tomb.

There was not a covered head in the entire multitude of 10,000 people when the bereaved came. Mrs. Davis, heavily draped, leaned on the arm of Gen. Joseph R. Davis, a nephew of the dead ex-president.

Bishop Thompson opened the ceremonies by reading the first portion of the Episcopal burial service. Then T. H. Sappington, of the Nineteenth infantry, sounded "taps" and Bishop Gallagher read the second portion of the ritual consigning the body to the grave.

Memorial Services Elsewhere.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 12.—Business was generally suspended here, bells were tolled and memorial services for Jefferson Davis were held in all the principal churches. Reports from all principal points in the south indicate that similar observances were universal throughout all the southern states.

Politics in North Dakota.

BISMARCK, N. D., Dec. 16.—In the senate Senator Jud Lamoure, of Pembina county, made a savage attack on ex-Governor Ordway, charging him with bribe giving, bribe taking and other misconduct. During the recent contest for the United States senate ex-Governor Ordway was bitterly opposed by Lamoure, who now claims that since the senatorial fight Ordway has been making all manner of charges against him.

A Pennsylvania Cyclone.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 12.—Jeannette was visited by a terrific wind storm. Two large new occupied frame buildings belonging to Cort and O'Sullivan were demolished and a smaller two story building, the property of Mr. Watson, was also blown down. Several other buildings were moved from their foundations and badly damaged. The total loss will not be less than $10,000. No loss of life is reported.

—Whatt he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing is not worthhaving. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

—Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Sam Lewins.

1889 GREETINGS 1889

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the unusually full and complete stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING !

For Men, Boys, and Children, now ready for your inspection at the

PHILAD. BRANCH,

Bellefonte, Pa. The success of our former selections in purchasing has been gratifying, and the same care has been exercised this year.

We offer for sale everything in our line at reasonable rates and ask only

—ONE PRICE—

—the one we expect to get. See the quotations below :

Spring and Fall Overcoats from	$3.00 *to* $18.00
" *Blue Beaver Union* "	8.00
" *Chinchilla Beaver* " *(all wool)*	12,00
Storm Overcoats, all wool	8.00
" " "	10.00
" " "	5.00
" " "	4.00
Suitings from	4.50 *to* 5.00
Fine Riverside and Corkscrew	16.00
" " "	12.00
Corkscrews	10.00
Children's Suits, all prices	1.75 *to* 7.00
Pantaloons from	.75 *to* 4.00

—o—

REMEMBER, all our Boys' and Men's Clothing is made by the best tailors and the best trimmings used, patches with each suit.

—o—

Merchant Tailoring a specialty. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Perfect fits in all clothing guaranteed or the money refunded. No misrepresetations. Call and be convinced.

SAMUEL LEWINS,

Allegheney Street, - - - - - - - - *Bellefonte, Pa.*

BEAVER'S PASSIVE PART.

He Will Not Interfere in the Selection of a Candidate.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 13.—Adjt. Gen. Hastings said that he did not believe that Governor Beaver was correctly reported in the alleged interview in which the governor was made to say some things not complimentary to him in connection with his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. One of his reasons for this belief was that he was charged with making promises which he had not given.

Governor Beaver, on his return to this city, in a mild form repudiated the Washington interview, so far as it seemed to have cast any reflection on Gen. Hastings, but admitted that he was greatly surprised when it became known to him that his adjutant general was a genuine candidate for governor, because he supposed that he would not, under any circumstances, antagonize the choice of Senator Quay.

The governor did not think it proper in him to interfere in the selection of any candidate to fill his place. Two members of his own house were aspirants for the position (referring to Secretary Stone and Gen. Hastings) and he proposed to keep hands off so far as any of the several candidates were concerned. He claimed to have said nothing in the Washington interview about Gen. Hastings having allied with a disgruntled element of the Republican party.

School Teachers' Tributes to Dr. Higbee.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 16.—At a meeting of the teachers of the public schools of Harrisburg several addresses eulogistic of the late Dr. Higbee, superintendent of public instruction, were delivered. Appropriate resolutions were also adopted and will be forwarded the bereaved family at Lancaster. Governor Beaver will not immediately appoint Dr. Higbee's successor.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 16.—At a special meeting of the Lancaster city board resolutions regretting the death of Dr. Higbee, presented by ex-State Superintendent Wickersham, chairman of the special memorial committee, were adopted, and it was decided to attend the funeral. Forty years ago Dr. Higbee was a teacher in the Lancaster high school.

Victims of the Johnstown Panic.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Dec. 14.—The following disposition of the bodies of the victims of the theatre panic was made: The body of Miller, the colored man, was forwarded to Chambersburg, that of Miss Claycomb to Bradford, Pa. Mrs. Burns and daughter's remains were sent to Snyder station, Somerset county, and the body of Mrs. Nestor to Somerset, Mr. Freshold was interred in Sandy Vale and the bodies of Eddie Bigler and George Horner in Grand View. Mr. Slonicker's remains were sent to Mt. Pleasant by a committee of the Junior Order of American Mechanics, of which society he was a member.

The Pennsylvania Soldiery.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 14.—Adjt. Gen. Hastings has forwarded to the war department at Washington a statement of the military force of Pennsylvania which would be available in case of war. In the national guard there are 606 commissioned officers and 7,685 enlisted men, a total of 8,471 against a total last year of 8,351, several new companies having been organized. There are 138 companies, including 132 companies of infantry, 3 of cavalry and 3 of artillery. The total number of men in the state available for military duty is 659,905.

Three Attempts at Suicide.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 17.—A well-dressed stranger, seemingly tired of life, made three efforts at suicide here. First he threw himself on the railroad track in front of engine No. 324, but was dragged off in time to save dis life by the trainmen. In a few minutes he made a second attempt, and being frustrated a second time, rushed to the river and jumped in. The police fished him out and locked him up. The man refused to tell his name or residence.

Death of John J. Fitzpatrick.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 16.—John J. Fitzpatrick, a well known railroad contractor, died. He was born here in 1840, his father being Hugh Fitzpatrick, a pioneer railroad contractor. The son was concerned in the building of the North Penn road, the Bound Brook road from Jenkintown to Yardleyville, the Pittsburg and Lake Erie, the Shenandoah Valley, the South Pennsylvania and the Chestnut street bridge in Philadelphia.

Sorrow for Mr. Gowen's Death.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—The board of managers of the Reading railroad adopted resolutions expressing sorrow for Mr. Gowen's death. The general offices will be draped in mourning until Jan 1.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Dec. 17.—The Schuylkill County Bar association adopted resolutions of sorrow for the death of F. B. Gowen, who was once district attorney of this county.

Dr. Higbee's Funeral.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 17.—The funeral of Dr. E. E. Higbee, state superintendent of public instruction, was the most notable in years. Services were held in the First Reformed church. The school children sang a dirge. Governor Beaver, Adjt. Gen. Hastings, Secretary of the Commonwealth Stone, and other state officials were present. The remains were taken to Emmittsburg, Md.

Three Killed by the Cars.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 17.—A party of Polanders who were walking on the Lackawanna railroad track on their way home from work were run into at Duryea by a passenger train which came upon them around a curve. Three men were instantly killed, one fatally injured and another badly bruised. None of the names can be learned.

Prisoners Break Jail.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Dec. 17.—Lupton Franz, sentenced to seven and a half years in the penitentiary, and six other prisoners escaped from the borough lock up by cutting through the bars to the burgess' office and bursting open the street door. None of the men have been recaptured.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

	LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations		.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic		.25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants		.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults		.25
5	**Dysentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic		.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting		.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis		.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache		.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo		.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach		.25
11	**Suppressed or Painful Periods**		.25
12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods		.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing		.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions		.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains		.25

SPECIFICS

16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	**Ophthalmy,** or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions** & Eruptions	.50

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free. **Humphreys' Medicine Co.,** 109 Fulton St. N.Y.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

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Spinal Supporting Corsets

Are, without exception, unsurpassed in point of **COMFORT, BEAUTY, DURABILITY, FINISH** and **CORRECT SHAPE,** and are **WARRANTED to be as represented in every instance.** Energetic and reliable **LADY AGENTS WANTED** in every town and county, to whom we offer the **EXCLUSIVE AGENCY** for our corsets, and the most liberal inducements. Write for terms at once. Agents clear from $25 to $75 weekly. $3 sample corset free to agents. Terms and instructions free.

LEWIS SCHIELE & CO.
390 Broadway, N.Y.

HENRY ROSSMAN,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

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He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.

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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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BECKER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked and washes perfectly clean. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. N. C. BAUGHMAN,
24may York, Pa.

RUPTURE

—Thousands have been permanently cured by—

DR. J. B. MAYER 831 ARCH ST

PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ease at once, no operation or loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others wanted. Send for Circular. Advice Free. Office Hours 9 to 3.

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BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities;

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DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers professional services to the public. Prepared to perform all operations in dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2

IRVIN HOUSE,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.

Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

IS A GREAT LABOR SAVER.
A SHINE LASTS A WEEK.
RAIN AND SNOW DON'T AFFECT IT
NO BRUSHING REQUIRED.
MAKES A SHOE WATERPROOF.
USED BY MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
Can be washed like Oil Cloth, and absolutely
Softens and Preserves all kinds of Leather.
Ask for it, and do not give up till you get it, and you will be well rewarded.
Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, Druggists, &c.
For Harness it is unequaled.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD —(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 10, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
"	Renovo		8 55 a m
"	arr at Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m

Sunday, Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	12 15a m
"	"	Montandon	2 03 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 15 p m
"	"	Kane	9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia		5 34 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 34 a m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	10 30 a m

Sunday Train.—Williamtport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 20 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 13 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo		4 30 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 35 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 40 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 42 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
"	Renovo		10 30 p m
"	Lock Haven		11 25 p m
"	Williamsport		12 25 a m
"	Montandon		1 29 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 22 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 30 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

"Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45 p m. and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m. 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pss'ger Ag't

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to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. **SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID.** Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)
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10C Write your office address plainly on a post-card and send to the only legitimate Sporting and Sensational paper in the country and receive a sample copy free. Agents can make big pay and News Agents can sell this paper freely, openly and above board. Order through News Co. only. Returnable if not sold. THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, No. 252 Broadway, New York IC FOR name and post

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 186 Fulton Street, N. Y.

THE CRONIN VERDICT

How the Convicted Men Heard Their Fate.

BEGGS SHOWS GREAT CONCERN

And Goes Scott Free—Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke Receive Their Life Sentences Bravely—Kunze Takes His Three Years' Term Smilingly—Motion for a New Trial.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—The five prisoners were ushered in over the iron bridge leading from the jail. Lawyer John F. Beggs, with a deathly pallor on his face and his blue eyes staring as though protruding from the bleached bones of a skeleton, headed the line. Behind him came Dan Coughlin, with a half nervous, half cynical smile upon his face. It was apparent to every observer that he had nerved himself for the ordeal. Then next came O'Sullivan, his jaws compressed and the fingers of his right hand tugging nervously at his mustache. Martin Burke, close behind him, had the same look of stolid indifference that he had worn throughout the trial. Little Kunze, the last in line, was as usual the comedian of the prisoners, and smiled and waved his hands at the officers and newspaper men as he entered the room.

The Jury Files In.

As soon as the defendants had taken their seats three deputy sheriffs took up a position behind each chair and at the same moment about fifty officers entered the room by the main door and formed a complete barricade between the prisoners' row and all means of exit from the room. The iron doors leading to the jail were again swung open, and while the word went around the audience, "Here they come," the members of the jury filed into the room. Every man had on his overcoat and carried his hat in his hand, and this was at once accepted as conclusive evidence that a verdict had at last been reached. The twelve good men and true were escorted to their seats and the roll was called.

The voice of Foreman Clarke came out clear and distinct and with a triumphant ring in it, when he answered "We have," in response to the question of the clerk of the court as to whether he and colleagues had agreed on a verdict. Rising in his seat he handed a folded paper to the clerk. The stillness at this moment was not merely oppressive but painful.

Beggs Out of His Misery.

Every eye was turned upon the five men, whose fate in another moment would be determined. Forrest cast a glance of encouragement towards his clients, as much as to say "be brave." Foster from his chair, a couple of feet distant, threw a few words in a whisper to Beggs. In another moment the voice of the clerk, clear and distinct, rang out on the air, "We find the defendant, John F. Beggs, not guilty as charged in the indictment."

All this was but the work of a moment. Again the voice of the clerk rang out, "We find the defendant John Kunze guilty of manslaughter, and fix his penalty at three years in the penitentiary." The little comedian simply smiled and showed his teeth. To all appearances the verdict at the moment suited him as well as an acquittal.

The Suspense Ended.

For the third time the clerk cleared his throat and proceeded: "We find the prisoners, Daniel Coughlin, Martin Burke and Patrick O'Sullivan guilty of murder as charged in the indictment and fix their punishment at imprisonment in the penitentiary for the terms of their natural lives."

As soon as the verdict was rendered the deputies clustered around the prisoners and effectually prevented any attempts of communication with them. Chief Hubbard stood at the rear of the deputies with several officers in citizens clothes, while Sheriff Matson stood at the right hand corner of the bench close by the judge. Attorney Forrest immediately entered a motion for a new trial for Burke and Kunze in the absence of Attorney Donahue, for O'Sullivan and Kunze

The Crime.

A crime was committed in Chicago on the 4th of May last which has produced an intense sensation everywhere. Dr. P. H. Cronin, the leader of one of the two factions in the Clan-na-Gael, a semi-political benevolent, association, was murdered in a mysterious manner. Some one called at his office on the evening of the fateful day and demanded his medical services at Lakeview, to which place he immediately repaired. No one saw him alive afterwards. His body was discovered in a manhole in Argyle park on May 22.

The murder proved to be the result of a well planned plot, and evidence was difficult to obtain. Finally five men were put on trial for the crime and after a long delay a jury was chosen. It seems that a room near Dr. Cronin's office was hired, so that watch could be kept over his movements, almost three months before the murder was committed. On May 5 a bloody trunk was found in Lake View. On May 11 Woodruff was arrested and confessed to hauling the trunk. On May 22 the body was found. In June the suspects were indicted and on Aug. 26 the trial opened. Since then the case has been dragging its slow length along and the proceedings are fresh in the memory of the newspaper readers.

The Jury Retires.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—Judge Longenecker concluded: "Gentlemen, you are not here to acquit guilty men or convict innocen men. But any sane man must by carefully weighing the evidence of this trial, believe these five men guilty." The state's attorney then sat down and the great case was ended.

Judge McConnell immediately began the reading of his charge to the jury. If the jurors found the defendants guilty, any or all of them were to be punished by death, imprisonment for life or for any term of years not less than fourteen. The charge was very elaborate and fair to both sides. The prisoners listened to its reading with intense interest.

At the conclusion of the charge the exhibits that had been introduced in evidence were given to the jury. Five bailiffs were sworn to take the jurymen to the grand jury room, there to keep them without meat or drink except water, until a verdict was rendered.

Bayard Will Speak at Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 17.—Ex-Secretary of State Thomas F. Bayard has accepted an invitation of the Huguenot society of South Carolina, to deliver the anniversary oration of the society at Charleston, April 13.

A Second Class Order for Emin.

BERLIN, Dec. 17.—Emperor William has conferred upon Emin Pasha the second class order of the crown with the star.

:-: **ROCHESTER** :-:

! CLOTHING HOUSE !

—:—o—:—

The coming season bids fair to be the largest we have ever experienced, and we have made preparations accordingly.

You know what we have done in the past; come and see what we can do now.

Our line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Satchels, is by far the largest and most complete ever shown in Bellefonte. In fact there is nothing that Mn, Boys, or Children want for Fall and Winter wear that we do not have in largest variety and at the very lowest prices.

You should see the goods piled on our counters and shelves—not a vacant space to be found. The goods that fill our store from one end to the other, are the first selections from the finest manufacturers in the United States. The styles, fit, make and quality of our Men's, Boy's and Children's clothing is only surpassed by the immense assortment we can show you and the very low prices we have marked them.

Remember that our goods are all marked in plain figures, and anything bought of us not perfectly satisfactory when taken home, if returned, money will be cheertully refunded.

Yours Sincerely,

M. FAUBLE,

Proprietor.

REYNOLD'S NEW BANK BUILDING, BELLEFONTE

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE, BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
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5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
7. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course.
   MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
9. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History, Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
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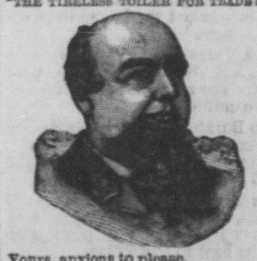

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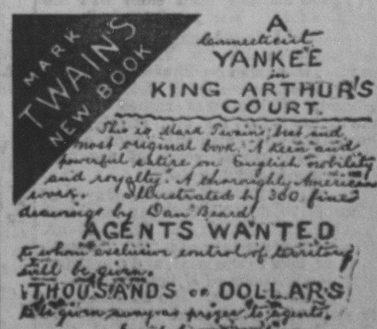
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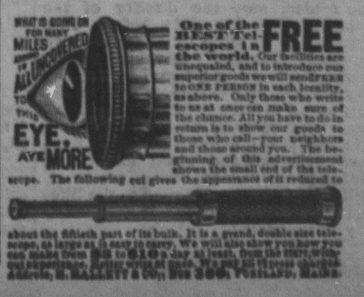

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Holy City." Preached at Jerusalem.

TEXT: "*Jerusalem, Jerusalem!*"—Matt. xxiii., 37.

This exclamation burst from Christ's lips as He came in sight of this great city, and, although things have marvelously changed, who can visit Jerusalem to-day without having its mighty past roll over on him, and ordinary utterance must give place for the exclamatory as we cry, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Disappointed with the Holy Land many have been, and I have heard good friends say that their ardor about sacred places had been so dampened that they were sorrow they ever visited Jerusalem. But with me the city and its surroundings are a rapture, a solemnity, an overwhelming emotion. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! The procession of Kings, conquerors, poets and immortal men and women pass before me as I stand here. Among the throng are Solomon, David and Christ. Yes, through these streets and amid these surroundings rode Solomon, that wonder of splendor and wretchedness. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lips. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from Engedi, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests.

Fish pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water cave to water cave with endless dive and swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviaries glanced and fluttered among the foliage, and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the King's order to be brought out in front of the palace when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the King, the fiery chargers with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels. While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added, or of a single splendor that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the dry docks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce, for all lands and climes were to be robbed to make up Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe; and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace and see his robes actually incrusted with jewels as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solomon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing here amidst all the splendor, the tears start and his heart breaks and he exclaims: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy. The honors and the emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III, of Prussia, is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for [illegible] and William III. The ghastliest [illegible] most shriveling fear, the most [illegible] odies, the most gigantic disquietudes, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice cannot go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and good in all ages have been execrated by the mob who cry out: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." By honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow men, but do not look upon some high position as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come, now, and be Kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

If wealth and wisdom could have satisfied a man, Solomon would have been satisfied. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million pounds, and he had silver to the value of one billion, twenty-nine million, three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. The Queen of Sheba made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. He wrote about almost everything. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes, and put on hunter's trapping, and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing apparatus he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers; and then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoology, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds, about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his wisdom and wealth, behold his wretchedness, and let him pass on. Did any other city ever behold so wonderful a man? O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But here passes through these streets, as in imagination I see him, quite as wonderful, and a far better man, David the conqueror, the King, the poet. Can it be that I am in the very city where he lived and reigned? David, great for power, and great for grief. He was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that, when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come and the conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion. Two great questions were to be decided: the safety of his boy, and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off, and he sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out: Is it a question in regard to the establisment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no. There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip, and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battle field—the question: "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the King, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation, and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes, and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom! my son! my son! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom! my son! my son!" Stupendous grief of David resounding through all succeeding ages. This was the city that heard the woe. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem.

I am also thrilled and overpowered with the remembrance that yonder, where now stands a Mohammedan mosque, stood the temple, the very one that Christ visited. Solomon's temple had stood there, but Nebuchadnezzar thundered it down. Zerubbabel's temple had stood there, but that had been prostrated. Then Herod built a temple because he was fond of great architecture, and he wanted the preceding temples to seem insignificant. Put eight or ten modern cathedrals together, and they would not equal that structure. It covered nineteen acres. There were marble pillars supporting roof of cedar, and silver tables on which stood golden cups, and there were carvings exquisite and inscriptions resplendent, glittering balustrades and ornamented gateways. The building of this temple kept ten thousand workmen busy forty six years. Stupendous pile of pomp and magnificence! But the material and architectural grandeur of the building were very tame compared with the spiritual meaning of its altars and holy of holies, and the overwhelming significance of its ceremonies. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But standing in this old city all other facts are eclipsed when we think that near here our blessed Lord was born, that up and down the streets of this city He walked, and that in the outskirts of it He died. Here was His only day of triumph, and His assassination. One day this old Jerusalem is at the tiptop of excitement. Christ has been doing some remarkable works and asserting very high authority. The police court has issued papers for His arrest, for this thing must be stopped, as the very government is imperiled. News comes that last night this stranger arrived at a suburban village and that He is stopping at the house of a man whom He had resuscitated after four days' sepulture. Well, the people rush out into the streets, some with the idea of helping in the arrest of this stranger when He arrives, and others expecting that on the morrow He will come into the town and by some supernatural force oust the municipal and royal authorities and take everything in His own hands. They pour out of the city gates until the procession reaches to the village. They come all around about the house where the stranger is stopping, and peer into the doors and windows that they may get one glimpse of Him or hear the hum of His voice. The police dare not make the arrest, because He has somehow won the affections of all the people. Oh, it is a lively night in yonder Bethany! The heretofore quiet village is filled with uproar and outcry, and loud discussion about the strange acting countryman. I do not think there was any sleep in that house that night where the stranger was stopping. Although He came in weary He finds no rest, though for once in His lifetime He had a pillow. But the morning dawns, the olive gardens wave in the light, and all along yonder road, reaching over the top of Olivet toward this city, there is a vast swaying crowd of wondering people. The excitement around the door of the cottage is wild [illegible] stranger steps out beside an unbroken [illegible] never been mounted, and after [illegible] their garments on the beast for a saddle the Savior mounts it, and the populace, excited and shouting and feverish, push on back toward this city of Jerusalem. Let none jeer now or scoff at this rider, or the populace will trample him under foot in an instant. There is one long shout of two miles, and as far as the eye can reach you see wavings of demonstrations and approval. There was something in the rider's visage, something in His majestic brow, something in His princely behavior that stirs up the enthusiasm of the people. They run up against the beast and try to pull the rider off into their arms and carry on their shoulders the illustrious stranger. The populace are so excited that they hardly know what to do with themselves, and some rush up to the roadside trees and wrench off branches and throw them in His way; and others doff their garments, what though they be new and costly, and spread them for a carpet for the conquerer to ride over. "Hosanna!" cry the people at the foot of the hill. "Hosanna!" cry the people all up and down the mountain. The procession has now come to the brow of yonder Olivet. Magnificent prospect reaching out in every direction—vineyards, olive groves, jutting rock, silvery Siloam, and above all, rising on its throne of hills, this most highly honored city of all the earth, Jerusalem. Christ there, in the midst of the procession, looks off and sees here fortressed gates, and yonder the circling wall, and here the towers blazing in the sun, Phasaelus and Mariamne. Yonder is Hippicus, the King's castle. Looking along in the range of the larger branch of that olive tree, you see the mansions of the merchant princes. Through this cleft in the limestone rock you see the palace of the richest trafficker in all the earth. He has made his money by selling Tyrian purple. Behold now the temple! Clouds of smoke lifting from the shimmering roof, while the building rises up beautiful, grand, majestic, the architectural skill and glory of the earth lifting themselves there in one triumphant doxology, the frozen prayer of all nations.

The crowd looked around to see exhilaration and transport in the face of Christ. Oh, no! Out from amid the gates, and the domes, and the palaces, there arose a vision of this city's sin, and of this city's doom, which obliterated the landscape from horizon to horizon, and He burst into tears, crying: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" But that was the only day of pomp that Jesus saw in and around this city. Yet He walked the streets of this city the loveliest and most majestic being that the world ever saw or ever will see. Publius Lentilus, in a letter to the Roman Senate, describes Him as "a man of stature somewhat tall, his hair the color of a chestnut fully ripe, plain to the ears, whence downward it is more orient, curling and waving about the shoulders; in the midst of His forehead is a stream, or partition of His hair; forehead plain, and very delicate; His face without spot or wrinkle, a lovely red; His nose and mouth so forked as nothing can be represented; His beard thick, in color like His hair—not very long. His eyes gray, quick and clear." He must die. The French army in Italy found a brass plate on which was a copy of His death warrant, signed by John Zerubbabel, Raphael Robani, Daniel Robani and Capet.

Sometimes men on the way to the scaffold have been rescued by the mob. No such attempt was made in this case, for the mob were against Him. From nine in the morning till three in the afternoon, Jesus hung a-dying in the outskirts of this city. It was a scene of blood. We are so constituted that nothing is so exciting as blood. It is not the child's cry in the street that so arouses you as the crimson dripping from its lip. In the dark hall, seeing the finger marks of blood on the plastering, you cry: "What terrible deed has been done here?" Looking upon this suspended victim of the cross, we thrill with the sight of blood—blood dripping from thorn and nail, blood rushing upon His cheek, blood saturating His garments, blood gathered in a pool beneath. It is called an honor to have in one's veins the blood of the house of Stuart, or of the house of Hapsburg. Is it nothing when I point you to the outpouring blood of the King of the universe?

In England the name of Henry was so great that its honors were divided among different reigns. It was Henry the First, and Henry the Second, and Henry the Third, and Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth. In France the name of Louis was so favorably regarded that it was Louis the First, Louis the Second, Louis the Third, and so on. But the King who walked these streets was Christ the First, Christ the Last, and Christ the Only. He reigned before the Czar mounted the throne of Russia, or the throne of Austria was lifted, "King eternal, immortal." Through the indulgences of the royal family, the physical life degenerates, and some of the Kings have been almost imbecile, and their bodies weak, and their blood thin and watery; but the crimson life that flowed upon Calvary had in it the health of immortal God.

Tell it now to all the earth and to all the heavens—Jesus, our King, is sick with His last sickness. Let couriers carry the swift dispatch. His pains are worse: He is breathing a last groan; through His body quivers the last anguish; the King is dying; the King is dead! It is royal blood. It is said that some religionists make too much of the humanity of Christ. I respond that we make too little. If some Roman surgeon, standing under the cross, had caught one drop of the blood on his hand and analyzed it, it would have been found to have the same plasma, the same disk, the same fibrin, the same albumen. It was unmistakably human blood. It is a man that hangs there. His bones are of the same material as ours. His nerves are sensitive like ours. If it were an angel being despoiled I would not feel it so much, for it belongs to a different order of beings. But my Saviour is a man, and my whole sympathy is aroused. I can imagine how the spikes felt—how hot the temples burned—what deathly sickness seized His heart—how mountain, and city, and mob swam away from His dying vision—something of the meaning of that cry for help that makes the blood of all the ages curdle with horror: "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Forever with all these scenes of a Saviour's suffering will this city be associated. Here His unjust trial and here His death. Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

But finally I am thrilled with the fact that this city is a symbol of heaven which is only another Jerusalem, "The New Jerusalem." And this thought has kindled the imagination of all the sacred poets. I am glad that Horatio Bonar, the Scotch hymnist, rummaged among old manuscripts of the British museum until he found that hymn in ancient spelling, parts of which we have in mutilated form in our modern hymn books, but the quaint power of which we do not get in our modern versions:

Hierusalem, my happie home!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joyes when shall I see?

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe colde nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God Himselfe gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verie streete are paved with gould,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
Thy windows crystal cleare;
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our joyes scarce last the looke ing on,
Our sorrows stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seme as yesterday.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seene.

There trees for evermore bear fruits
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

Noiseless Slippers:

These are intended for the use of those who are nursing, or watching the sick, but they will be found to give great comfort to anyone who has tired or lame feet.

Rip the soles from a pair of old slippers, knock the heels off, and cover the soles, on both sides, with thick woolen cloth. Excellent material for this as well as for the uppers may be found in the skirts of old coats. With the old slippers for a guide, cut a paper pattern of the uppers; or better still, have a pattern of the right size cut for you by a shoemaker. The pattern will be in two pieces, the vamp and the quarter pattern. Cut two cloth pieces by the vamp pattern and four by the quarter pattern taking care to have two of the latter right side out and two wrong side out. From dark silesia cut linings to all those pieces. Close and press the seams of the cloth pieces, then the linings; then baste the two smoothly together—seams inside—and bind the upper edge with galloon. Now slip the heel stiffening (saved from the old slippers) up between the lining and the outside, and catch it there with two or three basting stitches. Then sew upper and sole together, holding both wrong side out, and your slipper is finished. Turn it and put it on; and if your feet are lame or tired you will not be in a hurry to take it off.

Wedding Albums.

A pretty fancy carried into effect at some weddings, is that of having a "wedding album" for each member of the bridal party. These albums are purchased by the bride and in them are placed photographs of the bride and bridegroom, the best man, usher's maid of honor, bridesmaids, and officiating clergymen, with the autograph of each under his or her own photograph. On the fly-leaf is written out the place, time and date of the marriage ceremony. Sometimes in the bride's album is placed a highly illuminated marriage certificate. These albums are, of course, prepared after the wedding, when the bride and bridesmaids are photographed in their wedding finery.

The head is always the dupe of the heart.

IN OTHER LANDS.

The Kitchen-God of China.

Su Meng Kong is the kitchen god of China, and none would dare to set up house-keeping without him. Many put his image in the main room of the house. His birthday is the fourteenth of the seventh month, and on that day every family worships him, each in its own house.

On the twenty-fourth day of the last month of the year, when the god's are supposed to go off on a ten days' holiday, a paper horse, and other traveling equipments are burned for his use, during his journey to make his annual report to the superior gods. A lamp is kept constantly burning during the first days of the new year, to indicate that the family are waiting to welcome him whenever he returns.

A Chinese Custom.

According to the customs of Chinese society, the wife of the Chinese minister to this country will comb her hair up from her forehead, to show that she is married. Her tresses reach to her feet, and so difficult is the task of dressing them that one arrangement lasts several days. For the preservation of the coiffure she lies while asleep on a willow pillow as finely woven as an imported bonnet, shaped like a loaf of baker's bread. The maids dress their back hair in a queue, and arrange a bang one and one-half inches deep, from ear to ear. A bit of coquetry is displayed by allowing a single lock to float loosely in front of the face and over the shoulder. The hair of the Chinese girl is never cut, and, as a result of the splendid care bestowed, it grows luxuriantly.

Women in France.

In the French household the woman is queen. Her empire over her children is perfect and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and thinks that, after all, much worse might happen to him. The wife knows all her husband's affairs; she is the goddess of economy and order. She has a genius for cookery and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married life to see that monsieur dines well. Let a French woman be rich or poor—the mistress of a mansion in the Champs Elysees or of a poor fifth-floor flat at Montmarte or Batignolles—she has always the charm of femininity. She is always smart, always alert, and has a fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On Sundays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle-class French woman is lady-like, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry this great stamp of vulgarity; and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or a small tradesman. Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because she knows that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even if her stock of clothes are scanty her clever brain and fingers help her to cover its deficiencies by constant little changes. With two or three dresses in possession the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well-filled wardrobe.

THE HOME PHYSICIAN.

Nutmegs as a Medicine.

The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of a great deal of attention. They are fragrant in odor, warm and grateful to the taste, and possess decided sedative, astringent and soporific properties. In the following affections they will be found highly serviceable: Gastralgia (neuralgia of the stomach) cholera morbus, flatulent colic, dysentery, cholera infantum, and infantile colic.

In all cases nutmegs may be prepared for administration in the following manner: Grate one or more nutmegs into a fine powder. For children, give one-sixth to one-third of a teaspoonful, according to age, of this powder, mixed with a small quantity of milk. For adults, from a half to two teaspoonfuls may be given in the same way according to the severity of the case. Every two hours is generally the best time to administer this remedy.

Insomnia (sleeplessness) is very often effectually relieved by one or two doses of nutmeg, when much stronger agents have sighally failed.

In the delerium tremens of drunkards this remedy can be administered with safety and great benefit when the use of other sedatives might be perilous.

This ointment will benefit, though not cure, any case of itching or irritable hemorrhoids: Powdered nutmeg, two drachms; tannic acid, a half drachm; lard, one ounce; mix. Apply a small quantity before and after each evacuation of the bowels.

Remember, then, that the nutmeg is a valuable household remedy and should not be entirely forgotten in the excitement of the great race after new medicines with high-sounding names.—*Household Companion.*

A group of German physicians have published a protest against forcing children to learn the piano before they are twelve. They point out damaging results to the intellect and the physical condition.

It is better to use coarse flannel than fine for fomentations. There is more air in the interstices of the former, and for this reason it will keep warm longer, air being a bad conductor of heat.

A COQUETTE in love is just about as tame as a bottle of ginger pop that has stood some time with the cork pulled out.

"Farewell, George," she sobbed, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "Don't take on so, Mary," he soothingly replied. "I'm only going down to the office, six blocks distant." "Yes, I—boo-hoo—know," she wept afresh; "but you are going on a cable car."

"You all remember the words of Webster," shouted an orator. "No, I don't," interrupted a man in the gallery. "Do you expect us to remember the whole dictionary?"

USE not to-day what to-morrow may want.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 22, 1889.

Close of Solomon's Reign.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 11 : 26-43. Memory verses, 42, 43.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Prosperity and Adversity.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*—2 Chron. 26 : 5.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Darkness of an Evil End.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Jeroboam's Treason, vs. 26-28, 40.
2. Ahijah's Prophecy, vs. 29-39.
3. Solomon's End, vs. 40-43.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.*—Eccl. 12 : 13.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Kings 11 : 26-43. The darkness of an evil end.
T.—1 Kings 11 : 14-25. Adversaries of Solomon.
W.—1 Kings 1 2 : 1-15. Rehoboam's folly.
T.—1 Kings 12 : 16-33. From Rehoboam to Jeroboam.
F.—2 Chron. 10 : 1-19. Rehoboam deserted.
S.—2 Chron. 11 : 1-17. The divided kingdoms.
S.—1 Kings 3 : 1-15. Solomon's bright beginning.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. JEROBOAM'S TREASON.

I. His High Position:
Solomon....gave him charge over all ....the house of Joseph (28).
Jeroboam was a mighty man of valour (1 Kings 11 : 28).
Solomon saw....that he was industrious (1 Kings 11 : 28).
Men of high degree are a lie (Psa. 62 : 9).
A eunuch of great authority under Candace (Acts 8 : 27).

II. His Base Ingratitude:
He also lifted up his hand against the king (26).
The men that lifted up their hand against my Lord (2 Sam. 18 : 28).
Sheba....hath lifted up his hand against the king (2 Sam. 20 : 21).
If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless (Job. 31 : 21).
Mine own familiar friend....lifted up his heel against me (Psa. 41 : 9).

III. His Imperiled Life:
Solomon sought therefore to kill Jeroboam (40).
Saul....said, I will smite David even to the wall (1 Sam. 18: 11).
There is but a step between me and death (1 Sam. 20: 3).
Saul cast his spear at him to smite him (1 Sam. 20: 33).
The whole council sought,....that they might put him to death (Matt. 26: 59).

1. "He also lifted up his hand against the king." (1) The king; (2) The rebel; (3) The rebellion.—(1) Ingratitude; (2) Treason; (3) Rebellion.
2. "He was industrious." (1) Industry manifested; (2) Industry recognized; (3) Industry rewarded.—(1) Industry; (2) Honor; (3) Advancement.
3. "Solomon sought therefore to kill Jeroboam." (1) The wrathful monarch; (2) The imperiled subject.

II. AHIJAH'S PROHECHY.

I. Solomon's Kingdom to be Divided:
I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon (31).
I will surely rend the kingdom from thee (1 Kings 11: 11).
I will take the kingdom out of his son's hand (1 Kings 11: 35).
The people answered,....What portion have we in David? (1 Kings 12: 16).
So Israel rebelled against the house of David (2 Chron. 10: 19).

II. One Section to be Retained:
Unto his son I will give one tribe (36).
I will give one tribe to thy son (1 Kings 11: 13).
He shall have one tribe (1 Kings 11: 32).
As for the children of Israel,....Rehoboam reigned over them (1 Kings 12: 17).
None....followed the house of David, but....Judah only (1 Kings 12: 30).

III. Jeroboam to be Crowned:
Thou....shalt be king over Israel (37).
I will....give it to thy servant (1 Kings 11: 11).
I will....give ten tribes to thee (1 Kings 11: 31).
I will....give it unto thee, even ten tribes (1 Kings 11: 35).
They sent and called him,....and made him king (1 Kings 12: 20).

1. "The prophet Ahijah....found him in the way." (1) The prophet's mission; (2) The prophet's message.—(1) The wayside meeting; (2) The wayside greeting.
2. "I will rend the kingdom out of the hand of Solomon." (1) Solomon's kingdom; (2) Solomon's transgression; (3) Solomon's doom.
3. "For David my servant's sake." (1) David's integrity; (2) Jehovah's favor; (3) Solomon's gain.

III. SOLOMON'S END.

I. His Acts:
All that he did, and his wisdom (41).
He was wiser than all men (1 Kings 4: 31).
He spake three thousand proverbs (1 Kings 4: 32).
He spake of trees,....beasts,....fowl, ...fishes (1 Kings 4: 33).
Solomon built the house, and finished it (1 Kings 6: 14).

II. His Death:
Solomon slept with his fathers, and was buried (43).
Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return (Gen. 3: 19).
He was buried in the city of David his father (2 Chron. 9; 31),
Man goeth to his long home (Eccl. 12: 5).
It is appointed unto men once to die (Heb. 9: 27).

III. His Successor:
Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead (43).
Rehoboam reigned over them (1 Kings 12: 17).
Rehoboam the son of Solomon reigned in Judah (1 Kings 14: 21).
Solomon's son was Rehoboam (1 Chron. 3; 10).
Solomon begat Rehoboam (Matt. 1; 7).

1. "The rest of the acts of Solomon, and all that he did." (1) Acts of wisdom; (2) Acts of folly.—Solomon's completed record (1) In the eyes of man: (2) In the eyes of God.
2. "Solomon slept with his fathers." (1) The sleeping fathers; (2) The retiring sons.—(1) The generations gone; (2) The generations going.
3. "Rehoboam his son reigned in his stead." (1) A vacated throne; (2) An insufficient substitute.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

KING SOLOMON.

His birth (2 Sam. 5 : 14 ; 1 Chron. 3 ; 5 ; 14 : 4).
He loved God (1 Kings 3 : 3).
His wise choice (1 Kings 3 : 9, 10).
His high reward (1 Kings 3 : 12, 13).
His wealth (1 Kings 10 : 14-23, 27).
His wisdom (1 Kings 3 : 28 ; 4 : 29 31).
His splendor (Matt. 6 : 29 ; Luke 12 : 27).
His fall (1 Kings 11 : 1, 6, 9).
His end (1 Kings 11 : 43).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The present lesson covers in part the same period of time as the last; hence the events recorded in 1 Kings 11 : 14-25 are not strictly "intervening." An account is there given of two adversaries who harassed Solomon during his reign: one, Hadad, an Edomite, who escaped the slaughter in the days of David, and allied himself with the king of Egypt; the other, Rezon, who established himself in Damascus.

PLACES.—The city of David; same place in the vicinity of Jerusalem; the land of Egypt.

TIME.—The death of Solomon took place about B. C. 975, according to the usual chronology. The prophecy to Jeroboam may be dated ten years earlier, some time after the completion of the palace, and very shortly after the prediction in the last lesson.

PERSONS.—Jeroboam; Solomon; Ahijah the Shilonite; Shishak, king of Egypt; and Rehoboam.

INCIDENTS.—The advancement of Jeroboam; a prediction symbolically made to him: the explanation of it by the prophet Ahijah; the flight of Jeroboam to Egypt; a summary of Solomon's reign.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—2 Chronicles 9 : 29-31 (corresponding to verses of 41-43 of the lesson).

Church Fairs:

Mr. Moody struck the keynote of good, sound sense on the subject of church fairs, the other day, in an address when he pronounced them "an abomination." "The idea," he exclaimed, 'of raffling and voting for the best-looking man, and having the girls sell cigars! Better you should worship in a barn than resort to any such methods."

We suspect that a large majority of the church-going readers of this paper will heartily endorse Mr. Moody's opinion. The thing comes about by degrees and naturally enough. A new church is built. The cost outruns the estimate or, perhaps the pastor holds to the belief, common among so many men of his profession, that "nothing vitalizes a church more than a burden of debt." The debt is not paid, however. Or, perhaps, it is an organ or stained-glass windows that are wanted, and the men of the congregation are sluggish in the matter. Then two or three ladies of the drill-sergeant order take it up and propose that the women shall make it their business. Then follow strawberry festivals, oyster suppers, sociables, fancy bazars, all the usual expedients dear to the feminine soul for squeezing money out of the pockets of their husbands and lovers. Foolish young girls get a good deal of the management into their hands, and the consequences are that we have gambling, theatrical representations and vulgar voting for the prettiest girls, etc., sanctioned by religious bodies who unsparingly denounce lotteries, the theatre and all fashionable amusements.

The effect is wholly bad, not only on the men and women who participate in these devices, but on the outside public, who wish to credit every Christian body with sincerity. Gambling is gambling, whether it be for money at faro or a big cake at a church fair; and, if theatrical representations are vicious, the fact that they are extremely badly done by young women and children in a Sunday school does not purge them of offence.

Mr. Moody is in the right of it. Let all managing women of needy churches take warning, and look up some other method of raising funds or, better still, keep the churches from running into debt.—*Ex.*

How the Norwegians Treat their Horses.

A traveler in Norway says that the little horses there are almost always of a dun color, and have their manes cropped short; are wiry and full of life and courage, dashing down hill at a reckless pace. *Not a lame or poor animal is to be found among them, either in hack, dray, or country-produce cart.* They are mostly pony-shaped, rather short in the legs yet strong, tough, and round. When the drivers come from the house or establishment where their business calls them, they often take some trifle from their pockets—an apple, *a lump of sugar*, or bit of bread—and tender it to the waiting horse, who is evidently on the look-out for such a favor. The whip is seldom used. When a driver has occasion to leave his horse, he takes one turn of the rein about the animals near fore-foot and secures the long end loosely to the shaft. A well-matched pair of these horses, quite sound, young and well broken for pleasure driving, can be purchased for three hundred dollars or less.

Being at sea, sail; being on land, settle.

A forgetful head makes a weary pair of heels.

FARM NOTES.

SAVE THE ASHES.—Ashes are a fertilizer of such general utility that even small quantities are worth saving. Many who have hard coal for the stoves in winter and the colder months, employ wood for cooking, for the most part, in warm months. It is astonishing what an amount of rubbish may be disposed of, and turned to good account, by saving and splitting into proper stove size all available fuel—old boxes and barrels—for which there is no other use; old articles of furniture, not worth mending; branches of trees which have been removed in pruning or broken off by storm. All such materials should be stored under a shed, until a stormy time in winter makes this proper wet-weather work, at which all hands, old and young, will find it more like play than work. This should be stored in a wood-shed, easy of access from the summer kitchen. The ashes made during summer—being mainly from wood—should be stored separate from coal ashes. They are of too much value to be mixed with them. Another source of ashes should not be overlooked. In the general clearing-up which every well-kept place requires in early spring, or other season, there will be a lot of stuff too poor for fire-wood, and only fit to make a bonfire. Make such a bonfire on a flat, moist place, and keep the burning heap small, adding the fuel from time to time, and so manage that the ashes will be left in a compact heap, easily to be taken up and stored in some out-of-the-way shed. Remember that ashes hold fire in the shape of burning coals for weeks, and that many mysterious fires are due to no other "incendiary" than the improper treatment of ashes.

PREPARATION AND CARE OF CUTTINGS—It does not seem to be generally understood that nearly all varieties of cuttings can be easily callused or rooted before it is time to plant them in the spring. The cuttings are made in autumn, after the leaves fall, and tied firmly in little bunches of fifty or one hundred each. Each bundle should be marked by using two slips of pine, painted one side with white lead, or yellow ochre, and the name distinctly written with a lead pencil in the fresh paint. This is covered by the other slip, and the two are tied together with a piece of thread. This is firmly tied in the bundle and it will not be necessary to guess at the name of the cuttings. They are stored through the winter either by placing on a bed of moist earth, butt end down, or in a trench two feet wide and four inches deeper than the height of the cutting. The cuttings are placed compactly in this trench, butt end up, and covered with three or four inches of rich garden soil. When the ground begins to freeze they are covered deeply with stable manure, straw, or leaves, putting on enough to keep the frost from the cuttings. In the spring this manure is removed, and the soil over the cuttings leveled. If it gets dry it is sprinkled with water and kept moist, but not wet, and when the time comes to plant them, most varieties will have good roots started, while the buds are dormant, and when planted they are more sure to grow than if not so treated. The trench should be made on ground where water does not stand. For some of the choicer varieties of grapes, or other cuttings wanted early, a cold frame placed over the trench in the spring, after the manure is taken off, will forward them several days earlier.

PREPARING FOR SPRING FLOWERS. Beds which have contained gladiolus, tuberose, and other summer-blooming bulbs, should be made to serve a double purpose. Before very severe frosts come remove these summer bulbs, dry them off carefully and store away for winter. Then work the beds over, giving an additional dressing of rich compost, and put in crocus bulbs. Set them three or four inches apart each way, press them well down into the soil, and when the ground begins to freeze cover the bed with a good coat of coarse litter. Through this the welcome flowers will peep up in the spring, almost before the last snows are gone. On a good lawn a pretty effect may also be had with crocuses by inserting them at random in the turf, where they will make bright and welcome reliefs to color against the uniform green.

SALT ON WHEAT LANDS.—A western cultivator with twenty years experience in wheat growing, makes a plea for salt. He claims that he has been successful while neighboring wheat fields have been swept clean by chinch bugs. He says: "My soil is clay loam, while theirs is sandy loam or black muck. All of those who sowed salt with their wheat this year had good plump wheat. One of my neighbors who sowed part of his wheat with salt had plump wheat where the salt was sown, while the balance of his wheat was destroyed by chinch bugs."

KILLING HOGS.—As the annual hog killing season is drawing nigh points touching thereupon are in order. Speaking of facilities for this work a writer urges that the old way of scalding in a barrel is a very poor one, and suggests the use of a long trough made out of plank for the occasion, with shoot iron bottom, so set on bench or stone as to have a fire under it to heat it. The trough should be furnished with an iron rack, upon which the hog is laid, and by means of a rope and pulleys is readily hoisted in and out upon the scraping tables. By the use of the rack the animal can be readily turned from one side to the other.

FOOD is best when it contains a variety of constituents. Phosphates supply the growth and waste of the bones; organic matter rich in gluten, albumen, legumen, etc., are the flesh formers, and matter containing sugar, starch or oil, supply the carbon, or fat. The food to be perfect, must contain all the elements necessary for the objects sought.

GRAVELLY soils, that would not otherwise be suitable for corn crops, make excellent locations for grapes, though the grapes will do better on a deep rich soil. Old bones, leather refuse and litter of all kinds may be buried around the roots of the vines with advantage.

HOUSEHOLD.

SUNSHINE CAKE.—Carefully separate eleven good-sized eggs. Measure and sift one and a half cups of granulated sugar. Measure one cup of flour, add to it a level teaspoonful of cream of tartar and sift it also. Now beat the whites of eggs until very stiff, then beat the yelks of four eggs, pour them carefully over the whites add a teaspoonful of vanilla, then mix in quickly but carefully the sugar, then the flour, turn into a thin granite Turk's head, and bake in a moderately quick oven forty-five minutes. For mixing use a wire whisk or egg beater. When done turn the pan bottom up, resting it on the tube; allow the cake to cool in this position. It is supposed to fall when cold, but as a rule it requires a little help.

MAPLE SUGAR CAKE.—Put a pound of shaved maple sugar, a half pound of butter and four tablespoonfuls of milk into a saucepan, let it cook slowly until the butter is melted, take from fire and cool slightly, but add while still hot a half ounce (one tablespoonful) of ground ginger, and three-quarters of a pound of sifted flour. Beat thoroughly, add a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and bake in thin sheets. This quantity of flour will be too much for spring wheat, but I should add a little at a time, until the cake is the proper consistency. This is very rich and delicious, but should be used while warm. More flour may be added to the same batter, the baking powder omitted, the dough after being well worked may be rolled thin, cut into small cakes and baked in a moderate oven.

CURRIED OYSTERS. — Thinly slice two onions, put them into a saucepan with a bit of butter; when well browned add a tablespoonful of curry powder and a cup of oyster liquor; stir together and boil for three minutes; add a tablespoonful of butter and flour mixed, half a cup of cream and one well-beaten egg; have fifty oysters brought to the scalding point in their own liquor; take them out even before they begin to curl, skim the liquor, turn into it the curry preparation, heat for one minute; turn in the oysters and serve immediately.

CHILI SAUCE.—One peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled, one-half teacupful of salt, three red peppers and twelve small onions chopped fine, one tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon. Mix altogether and boil two hours. Rub through a sieve, then add one pint of vinegar, a half teacupful of brown sugar, and let come to a boil. Bottle and seal while hot.

STEWED CODFISH.—Soak well; put about a pint of water in a skillet and pick up a teacupful of fish, which add to the water; season with one tablespoonful of butter, pepper to taste. Beat two eggs and add, make a thickening of one tablespoonful of flour and put in just before serving.

IMPROVEMENTS OF COOKING.—The custom of cooking quickly is in part a matter of choice says the *Popular Science Monthly*, and in part due to the necessity to which a great many working people are subject to cook their meals quickly or else to go without hot breakfasts and dinners.

Another great obstruction to improvement in the art of cooking is the almost universal misconception that the finer cuts of meat are more nutritious than the courser portions, coupled with an almost universal prejudice among working people against stewed food. This prejudice is doubtless due to the tasteless quality of boiled meat; boiling toughens each of the fine fibers, and deprives the meat almost wholly of its distinctive flavor.

All these blunders and misconceptions must evidently be removed before any true art of cooking can become common practice.

The more necessary, however, does it become to invent apparatus in which meat can only be simmered and cannot boil, as in the Aladdin cooker, and also to invent a stove or oven in which neither meat nor bread can be overcooked, dried up, or rendered indigestible by too much heat, as in the Aladdin oven.

Next, people must be persuaded that a better and more nutritious breakfast can be made ready to eat, as soon as the family are out of bed, by putting meat stews, oatmeal, brown bread, and many kinds of puddings, into the cooker, and simmering all night by the use of a single safe lamp, than in any other way.

FIG-LAYER CAKE.—For the cake: One cup of sugar, three even tablespoons butter (not heaped), one egg and the yolks of two, two-thirds cup milk, two cups of flour with baking powder, one tea-spoonful sifted with it; bake in three layers. Fig paste: One cup sugar, one-fourth cup water, boil till thick; beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth; chop eight figs very fine, take the sugar from the stove, cool five minutes; add the beaten egg, beat five minutes and add the figs, spread the paste on the top and sides of the cake.

THE APPLE.—Apple Ice.-One pound of sugar to one quart of water; to this add grated apples and freeze.

Apple Sweet Cake.—Two large tart apples; peel and grate; then grate one lemon peel; squeeze juice and grate the pulp; to this add one cup of sugar and one white of egg; put all into a tin cup and cook thoroughly; then spread between cakes as jelly cakes.

Baked Apple Dumplings.—Roll thin any nice puff paste and cut into square pieces; pare and remove the cores from nice stewing apples and roll an apple in each piece of paste; put them into a baking dish; brush them with the white of an egg beaten stiff and sugar over them; bake about three-quarters of an hour.

The Russian ukase forbidding female telegraphers to mary any person except male telegraphers has been canceled. It was a peculiarly hard kase.

Black woolens also have handkerchief boarderings in satin-like stripes; and still more elegant raised velvet trimmings, in arabesque, palm, and ostrich-feather designs.

COMEDY CORNER.

"O yes," said he, "what you say about folks' al'ays sympathizing with the under dog in a fight is true enough, but then they al'ays bets their money on t'other one."

Doctor—"You see, wifey dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you?" His wife—"Yes, dear hubby, but then you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier, I feel certain my first husband—my poor Thomas—would have been saved."

"How did you come to get married?" asked a man of a very homely friend. "Well, you see," he replied, "after I'd vainly tried to win several girls that I wanted, I finally turned my attention to one that wanted me, then it didn't take long to fix things."

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes." "Mamma"—after a pause—"its a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?" "Of course I can." "Well, how?" "By the teeth." "Chickens don't have teeth." "No, but I have."

Eve was the only woman who never threatened to go and live with mamma; Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way mother used to cook."

The difference between honor and discretion is that honor tells you not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

Red used on a railway signifies danger, and says "Stop!" It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

Longfellow said, "In the world a man must be either anvil or hammer." He was wrong, however. Lots of men are nothing but bellows.

FRIED APPLES.—Remove the core from four or five large apples; cut them into thin slices and fry until soft, and brown in plenty of hot lard; cover with sugar and serve hot; this makes a nice relish for lunch or supper.

CREAM BISCUIT.—Two cupfuls of sour cream, one cupful of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough to roll out; cut with cutter and bake quickly.

GRAHAM GEMS.—Mix to a soft batter Graham flour with cold water, add salt; pour into hot, well-greased molds and bake in a quick oven.

Apple Jelly.—Thirteen good sized apples, one quart of water and one lemon. Boil till soft and strain. To one pint of juice add one pound of sugar and boil twenty minutes.

Apple Beverage.—Cut tart apples in small pieces, rejecting the cores, and put over the fire in water enough to cook them, with half their weight in sugar; simmer half an hour; then strain through a jelly bag; cool and drink with cracked ice.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That glows on the cheek of the young,
But I sing of beauty that's rarer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty of yore.
But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a *guaranteed* cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion.

In the newly-made tea plantations of Assam a red spider has suddenly appeared, and threatens serious injury to the plants.

WOMEN are ships and must be manned.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Winter wrappings promise to be long and ample, and largely trimmed with fur, while for these Mattelasse goods and heavy figured cloth will be much in vogue.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it

Sage tea mixed with a little bay rum is an excellent wash for the hair and prevents its falling out.

Millions of women use Dobbins' Electric Soap daily, and say it is the best and cheapest. If they are right, *you* ought to use it. If wrong, *one trial* only will show you. Buy a bar of your grocer and try it next Monday.

The handwriting of educated women a generation ago was far more legible than it is at the present time.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

Black ribbon colors are worn on light-hued dresses, and are fastened with small Rhinestone buckles.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A little thing that feels big in a tight place is a corn.

The smoker's delight—"Tansill's Punch."

Consistency is rare.

"De Pint Wid Ole Pete."

Anon.

Upon the hurricane deck of one of our gun-boats, an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted on his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney and apparently plunged into a profound state of meditation. Finding upon inquiry, that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy loosing regiments at the Fort Donaldson battle, I began to interrogate him upon the subject.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes sa, and would hab run soona, had I know'd it war comin'."

"Why that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Massa, dat is'nt my line, sa, cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Yah Yah! reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly."

"Yes, sa, I does, more dan all dis world, more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be worf to a man wid de bref out of him? Self preservation am de first law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values on their lives; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me, when the powers of feelin' war gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa; I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."

"Yes, sa; dere would hab been no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa; a dead white man ain't much to these sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd miss myself, and dat's the pint wid me."

A Family Gathering.

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why? when a sample bottle is gladly given to you *free* by any druggist and the large size costs only 50c. and $1.

Mrs. Livermore, at the time of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had a book half written upon the same general theme.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Russian winter scenes depicted on the covers of a triplicate mirror make a handsome manifestation of artistic etching.

There is more experience, time, and brain work represented in the preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other medicine. It is this which makes Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar in its curative power, and in the remarkable cures it effects. Give it a trial.

A fox's head, with emerald eyes, held between two shanks, representing the legs of the animal, is an innovation in silver rings.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

Garnet jewelry of American manufacture is rapidly attaining the place in public esteem so long occupied by imported goods.

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WELL-CURED hay is nearly as concentrated as grain in proportion to weight. Corn contains about 10 per cent. of moisture and hay 15 per cent., but hay contains three times as much mineral matter as corn and more nitrogen. Hay, however, contains ten times as much crude fibre as corn and less fat.

Nature like man, begins her fall by painting things red.

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According to recent investigations is caused by excess of lactic acid in the blood. This acid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and causes the local manifestations of the disease, pains and aches in the back and shoulders, and in the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying and vitalizing action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body.

"I was laid up for six months with rheumatism, and used many kinds of medicines without good result till one of my neighbors told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had used half a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles I think I was entirely cured as I have not had an attack of rheumatism since." EUGENE H. DIXON, Rossville, Staten Island, N. Y.

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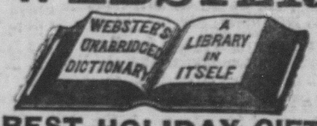

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CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in ad nce. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 inser ns, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, DEC. 19.

3,000

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

—AT THE—

"THE RACKET."

No: 4 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

All the new things received soon as out. Patterns sent by mail postpaid, at New York price. Add 10c. for postage on Metropolitan Catalogue and 2c on Delineator.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——We would urge our friends before purchasing their Holiday gifts to be sure to call at Green's Pharmacy, in the Bush House Block at Bellefonte. He has a very large stock of beautiful goods at low prices and in addition he gives to every cash purchaser of one dollar's worth or more, a beautiful, new and useful souvenier. If there was no other inducement it would be worth while to go just to see his mammoth trout.

——Mrs. Bruce Lingle, of Cherokee Iowa, is in from the west visiting relatives.

——The United Brethren congregation of Bellefonte intend building a new church.

——The *Daily News* says Hopkins wants to build his own gallows, being a carpenter.

——Willis From, formerly from this place, is in from Ohio, on a visit and reports getting along first rate.

——J. W. Sholl, one of Miles township's Democratic farmers, is up visiting his son-in-law, dentist Hosterman.

——The Reformed Sunday school of Spring Mills, will have a Christmas service, on Christmas at 10 a. m.

——John Shaw, Esq., an old and well known citizen of Lewistown, was stricken with paralysis last week, and died on Sunday afternoon.

——Tuesday was another damp and dreary day, and Wednesday was first cousin to it. The roads everywhere are in horrible condition.

——Mike Burkholder, so far as the returns have come in, is far ahead for the heaviest hog, and we guess will remain ahead—635 is hard to beat.

——Boozer has received a fine line of candies, nuts, etc., for Christmas, at low prices. They are fresh and pure and stock cant be beat in the valley.

——$150 reward for a set of county Commissioners in this state who can outdo those of our county, for littleness, muleishness, and utter incompetency.

——The jury wheel was filled last week for the year 1890. Altogether 650 names were put in the wheel, of which 322 are Republicans, and 328 are Democrats.

——Saturday afternoon, mid the sleet and rain and mud, several vivid flashes of lightning followed by heavy peals of thunder, mixed in with the dance of the elements and shone off very conspicuously.

——Nicholas Parel, who confessed that he had burned two barns in Juniata county, has been sentenced to ten years and six months in the western penitentiary, and is now an inmate of that institution.

——A little 4-year old son of Samuel Reish, of Pleasant Gap, while at play in the house, on Tuesday afternoon, fell and sustained a fracture of a leg, above the knee, Dr. Emerick was called to treat the little fellow.

——We would be greatly pleased if those in arrears on the REPORTER would enter the new year with account square. This is possible with all, and would give us a good lift, and both sides will be happier for it. Will you hitch on?

——David Fravel, employed in a lumber camp in Nittany Valley, Clinton county, was found on Thursday by his fellow workingmen lying lifeless on the ground. His skull was crushed in and the theory is that he fell, striking his head on a stone, with the result above stated. He was 27 years of age and leaves a wife and one child.

——Henry Benner, 85 years of age, of Houserville, died on Saturday last, and was buried on Monday at Rock Forge. One brother survives him, Mr. Thomas Benner, now in the west, and one sister, Mrs. Ruth Armor, of Bellefonte, who is now in her 92d year. The Benner family years ago owned and operated the Rock Forge Iron Works, and at that time were prominent in all public enterprises.

——Well, could Saturday last have been more disagreeable than it was, if you reader, were the director of the weather? The few days before were pleasant, a rare thing in the past two months. Saturday morning, before dawn, was bright—an hour later the sky was overcast with clouds and a chilly rain began to down, and half an hour later it was rain and sleet and sleet and rain, and thus it kept up nearly all forenoon,—the mud and slush under foot adding to the ugliness from overhead. Still, we kind o' gotten used to the likes and don't make mention of this at all by way of grumbling.

Murder in Lock Haven.

A horrible tragedy was enacted at Lock Haven on Saturday night last but which was first discovered on Sunday morning. The particulars of the affair are about as follows: On Saturday night four young men—two Lovett brothers and two Brown brothers—were in Scheid's saloon, this city. At a late hour they all started for their home, the two Brown brothers in advance. The latter live in Woodward township and the Lovett brothers live in the Irish Settlement," in Dunstable township, all on the opposite side of the river from the city. The Brown brothers had driven as far as the river in a wagon. On their return, after crossing the bridge to where they had left their wagon they concluded to await the arrival of the Lovett brothers, who had tarried somewhere, and all go home together in the wagon.

On the arrival of the Lovett Brothers an altercation ensued about some trivial affair, and, all being some what intoxicated, it was no time until a general fight was in progress. In the melee that followed one of the Lovett brothers was badly hammered and the other, William, was pounded to death and left lying by the roadside where he was found on Sunday morning. He was then removed to undertaker Sloan's establishment and the Brown brothers were arrested. Two brothers by the the name of Moore were also arrested and held as witnesses —all parties being confined in the jail in Lock Haven,

Johnstown Again Flooded.

Johnstown is again cut off from the outside world except by a long and tiresome circuit of the mountain wagon road. A heavy rainstorm, extending over the entire mountain region drained by the Conemaugh river and Stony creek, began falling Saturday morning and continued without cessation until after noon, causing the Conemaugh to break its banks, and great destruction to property ensued.

From noon until 5 o'clock the river had risen over four feet, the quickest rise known except during the flood in May last.

On Saturday afternoon the temporary bridge at Woodvale was carried away. The ruins went crashing against the wooden piers of the Cambria Iron company's railroad bridge, wrecking two of the piers, permitting a vast quantity of heavy drift to collide with the piers of the Lincoln street bridge leading from Johnstown to the Pennsylvania railroad depot, wrecking the last connecting link and stopping all travel. The bridge at Woodvale was also carried away. Washington and Iron streets were badly flooded, and many cellars were filled with water. No loss of life is reported. The water has subsided, and work on permanent bridges to replace those destroyed was begun at once.

Holiday Excurison Tickets on the P. R. R.

Pursuant to the usual policy of aiding its patrons in the interchange of social visits during the holidays, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, this season, place on sale at all its ticket offices, excursion tickets to be sold between the various stations on the system at the rate of two cents per mile in each direction.

The holiday excursion tickets will be sold from December 21st, 1889 to January 1st, 1890, inclusive, valid for return until January 4th, 1890, inclusive.

This arrangement, however, does not apply to the sale of excursion tickets between New York and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, in either direction, nor between any one of the above-named cities and any other of these mentioned.

Attempt to Fire Huyett's Sawmill.

Mr. E. M. Huyett writes us from Rebersburg, Dec. 17, of a dastardly attempt to burn his saw mill and stock of lumber as follows: An attempt has been made to fire our saw mill and lumber piles on the Bartges timber tract. We found a quart can which was half filled with ceal oil and therein fixed a tallow candle on a block. When the tallow candle was lit it would have to burn about four inches to get to the oil. But for some unknown cause only burned about two inches, when it went out. In that shape we found it under a board pile within ten feet of saw mill with some dry wood around the can to help start the flames. We offer $50 reward for any information leading to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party.

Consumption Cured With Grapes.

This fell destroyer has brought a blight to many a promising life, and sadness to many a home circle. There is one remedial agent that will assist nature in throwing off this terrible disease, viz: Speeer's Port Wine. It has been used by hundreds with wonderful success; has checked the progress of disease and brought thousands back to health. Its property is to make new blood. For sale by druggists.

Not Correct.

The report that a man had been shot in the Seven Mountains, last week, and dragged from the road into the woods, is unfounded. The report, no doubt, originated from the fiuding of the dead dody of Samuel Kelley, along the road, which was the foundation for the story that a murder had been committed.

New Road.

Viewers appointed by the court, to lay out a new road, and vacate part of public road, from the road leading from J. A. Keller's, along lots of F. Kurtz, and on line between Gen. Taylor's lands and others, to the Centre Hall station, will perform their duties on Friday, December 27.

Communion.

The Rev. L. L. Haughawout, of Kishacoquillas Valley, will preach and hold communion services in the Presbyterian church, at Centre Hill, on Sunday, December 22, at 10 30 o'clock. Also preaching in the evening. Preparatory services on Saturday afternoon preceding, at 2 o'clock.

Band Festival.

The Centre Hall band will hold a festival in their hall, above Harper & Kreamer's store, commencing on Dec. 24, and to continue one week.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

Local Briefs

——Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Six people were killed by cars, at Johnstown, within a week.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No. 1 article.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——The grain market is still weak; new corn dropped two cents in Philadelphia.

——James Condo, of near Rebersburg, was taken to the Danville asylum a few days ago.

——Chris Murray is home from Franklin & Marshall on his Christmas vacation.

——John Smith has left Punxsutawney and for the present holds forth at Pine Grove Mills.

——The widow of Frank Bartholomew on Wednesday, moved back to Nittany valley.

——Mrs. Ezra Tressler, of Tusseyville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keller, in Illinois.

——Mrs. Crosthwaite, wife of Rev. M. P. Crosthwaite, died recently at Duboistown, near Williamsport.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Little girl—Mama get me the new Russian sneeze for a Christmas gift, I see they have 'em in New York already.

——Several new sewing machines Davis and New Home make, will sell at cost to close them out. G. W. BUSHMAN.

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte. should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——A little son of B. F. Arney, whose eyesight began to fail, seems to be improving under the treatment of Dr. Gast, who visits this and other points in the valley every few weeks, as a specialist in eye and ear diseases.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——A musical convention will be held in the Georges Valley Lutheran church, commencing on February 3d, under the leadership of Prof. J. A. Weaver. The convention will conclude with two grand concerts on Friday and Saturday evenings.

——Now is the time to leave your order for a suit and overcoat. Prices to suit the times. Perfect satisfaction in everything fully guaranteed.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Tailors, Bellefonte.

——Samuel Kelley, who was found dead, along side of the pike, beyond Potters Mills in the mountains, one day last week, was buried at Sprucetown on Friday, by the Samuel Shannon Post, G. A. R., of which he was a member.

——If you wish to have a good over coat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins he has them and warrants them. He sell nothing that has cheat about it.

——Speaking of the mysterious death of Mr. Gowan, it occurs to us that there were nine suicides committed on this side of the county, or by persons whose homes were on this side, within about forty years. Who can name the nine?

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap, good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——On Sunday evening Edward Bosner, whose home is Bellefonte, but was working at Johnstown, while walking on the railroad at the latter place, with another man, both were struck by a train, and Bosner died soon after. The other man was also badly hurt.

——In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——Our young friend, Frank Foreman, has purchased a lot at the far end of town and will erect a house on it. Three new houses are thus to be added to town shortly, namely, one by A. P. Luse, one by Gotlieb Strohmeier, and one by Mr. Foreman.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S., warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

——That little girl down at Mr. Wakefield's, a few doors below the REPORTER office, may keep him wake o' nights, but he is happy over it all the same, and the mother too. Add another to the population of Centre Hall. Here are our congratulations to the happy pare ts.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

——Bellefonte is rapidly filling up with handsome school teachers, says the *Daily News*. If the lady editor penned that, then we are to understand she has reference only to the male teachers; if the young man of the quill wrote it, then it means that all the school marms are handsome.

——The Coroner's jury investigating the death of William Lovett, who was found murdered on Sunday, rendered a verdict finding that the unfortunate man came to his death by being beaten with a heavy club by Charles Brown, with whom he had a difficulty Saturday night. Wm. Brown, a brother of Charles was released from the Lock Haven jail for want of evidence.

——John N. Gast a respected and well known citizen of Lock Haven, died on night of 12, at his residence on West Water street. Mr. Gast was born in Brush Valley, Centre County, but has been for many years a resident of that city. He was born March 11, 1826, and leaves a wife, two sons and three daughters.

Mrs. Floyd, a daughter of Mr. Gast, and living in the same house, died on the day the funeral of her father was to take place, which was thereupon postponed, and the burial of father and daughter fixed for same day. Both died of same disease, typhoid fever.

Mr. Gast was a cousin of William and John Wolf, and was born on the old Wolf homestead in Miles tp. now occupied by John Wolf.

Sprucetown.

The Singing Class at Potters Mills, taught by Prof. Crawford, is promising to be quite a success The class numbering about sixty. Mr. Crawford certainly is a good instructor.

There has been some petty thieving going on in this neighborhood, for some time past. People have been missing canned fruits, corn, potatoes, apples etc.

Mr. Foster Rankin of Lewistown spent several days visiting friends in this vicinity.

Some of the young nimrods of Potters Mills have been successful in bringing down the wild turkeys. Frank Palmer and Samuel Johnson each having shot one last week.

The M. E. Sunday School is making arrangements to have a Christmas entertainment on Christmas Eve. A nice time is anticipated. All are cordially invited.

Teachers of this vicinity are attending Institute this week at Bellefonte.

Our jovial doctor; L. C. Thomas was called away from home a few days last week to attend the funeral of a friend.

Farmers Mills.

A good young horse belonging to Moses Stover of this vicinity died suddenly a short time ago.

A. C. Ripka and family went to Snyder county last Saturday to visit friends at Globe Mills, Pa.

Miss Hettie Daup of Sprucetown was spending several days with friends here this week.

Our new bridge may get completed this week yet.

This vicinity is represented at the Teachers Institute this week by Messrs. Goodhart, Ripka, Auman and Miss Grove.

Owing to the abundant crops of corn and other grain and the low price of the same, and the numerous hogs at command in these parts. Many of our farmers are fattening many hogs for market hoping thereby to reap a reasonable benefit of their hard labor.

Correction.

Mr. Fred Kurtz:

In last weeks, REPORTER we noticed a mistake which we would like to have corrected. It was that the Modoc hunters of Boalsburg were camped in the Seven Mountains for ten days and broke their record by coming home without any deer. The Modoc company was not out yet; it was the Salvation Army, and we don't want our reputation as hunters injured by another party misrepresenting themselves. And that is not all. We saw a notice in your paper an inquiry for the existence of a Salvation Army within a hundred miles of Bellefonte, to order them at once to the seat of war, for the special benefit of the editor of the Gazette, and can save him if he is not too far gone. This army order must be made by the Reporter or at his expense. We want to do what is right to our bretheren, and if the knowledge of the exissence of the Salvation army is any advantage or the means of saving the lost editor, why it is all free, we charge nothing for trying to save the lost and fallen.

Boalsburg, Dec. 17th 1889. MODOCS.

Tax Paid.

There is probably few who realize the enormous amount of money annually paid into the U. S. Treasury on both Imported and Domestic liquors. Are you aware that Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa., is a large contributor to that fund? Are you posted as to who does one of the largest business in the liquor line? If not, let us tell you that Max Klein leads them all—and why? Because he has long since succeeded in convincing the people that he furnishes value for value. He sells six year old Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt and Gibson at $1.00 per quart or six quarts for $5.00. His Silver Age that defies competition at $1.50 each quart bottle. Wines at 50 cents per quart and upward. He ships in neatly packed boxes. Send for his price list and complete catalogue and do not hesitate to send your order to Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

Institute.

The county teachers' institute, notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather, is largely attended. The attendance is large, with few absentees. The exercises are very interesting to the pedagogues and spectators. The program for lectures is a good one, and the instructors at the day sessions are receiving much praise for their work.

——New lot of robes and 5-A horse blankets very cheap at Boozer's.

— There will be a musical convention held in the Reformed church, at Boalsburg, commencing on January 13, by Prof. P. H. Meyer.

——Send your name in for the REPORTER at campagn rates on trial. Or send, us two new names and the cash for a year and we give you a copy one year free, thus enabling any one, by very little effort to get a paper one year free.

——The singing conventions have begun. Millheim opens the ball with one this week. Next week the sweet singers will be at Rebersburg. Then on Jan. 13 all Boalsburg will sing, and week of Feb. 3 Linden Hall will be full of music much to the delight of our friend Hess, no doubt, who always admires the beautiful. Prof. P. H. Meyer will lead, with Miss Sadie Bitner as organist, at these musical assemblies.

——Stoves! Stoves! Stoves, that is what Reesman across the way is stocked with. Stoves of every size and description, for the parlor, sitting room and kitchen; stoves for wood and coal, for rich and poor, plain and fancy; as fine an assortment as can be found in this county, and at prices far below other dealers. Andy puts them up for you and warrants them good. His is the oldest stove store in the county and none of his customers have yet had cause to complain and always found him honest Andy, and those are the business men one should always patronize. Go and see his stock, and you will be pleased with what you see he has.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct21y

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

CHRISTMAS GOODS

The Holiday Season opens with fair and promising demands for staples as well as novelties, in consequence we have prepared ourselves for great trade.

Our stock is complete in newest designs and latest shapes. Below we mention a few items:

"Baby McKee" Lamps,
Ice Cream Setts,
Dolls,
Water Bottles,
Vinegar Cruets,
Oat Meal Sets,
Drums,
Jewel Boxes,
Toilet Cases,
Christmas Tree Ornaments,
Easels,
Fancy Thermometers,
Traveling Companions,
Blacking Cases,
Stand Mirrors,
Whisks and Holders,
Writing Desks and Tablets,
Full line of Atlas Glassware,
Collar and Cuff Boxes,
Complete line of Jap. and China Silk Handkerchiefs,
Japanese Side and Corner Brackets,
Nut Picks and Crackers,
Fancy Plush Goods,
Baskets, useful and ornamental, etc., etc.

Call in before you buy.

WM. WOLF & SON.

0-XMAS PRESENTS-0

Our line of goods suitable for Christmas is more elegant and complete than ever before. It consists of Gold and Silver Watches, Ladies' and Gents' Gold Rings, Brooche Pins, Jet Jewelry, Ear Drops, Ladies' and Gents' Watch Chains, Lockets, Charms, Cuff Buttons, etc. The celebrated Aiken Lambert & Co's., Gold Pens; Rogers Bro's. Silver Knives, Forks, Spoons, Pickle Casters, Butter Dishes, Sugar Bowls, Spoon Holders, Cake Baskets, Dinner and Individual Casters, Berry Dishes, and a large assortment of Napkin Rings, all of which will make an elegant snd acceptable present.

I would be pleased to show you goods, and will be ready to make close prices to all buyers.

G. W. BUSHMAM.

Zellar's Drug Store,

Has been removed to No. 2, Criders Exchange, Bellefonte, where they have received and unpacked an exceptionally fine line of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

To which an inspection is requested.

BARTHOLOMEW'S

Have received their full line of goods, and are now being unpacked and placed for inspection, which is requested before purchasing, and with which you will find the completest and more handsome assortment of presents suitable for

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR,

Than any in the section. You are invited to inspect them.

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS!----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.